

CAVALCADE

JULY 1947 1/-



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REVELATIONS of an "OFFICE WIFE"

YOUR DIAMONDS MIGHT BE FAKES!

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Cavalcade

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A girl who worked back spills
the beans for the boss's wife.



REVELATIONS of an "OFFICE WIFE"

VERA H. BRADLEY

WELL, I'm married, and now I can tell the things that every woman wants to know about the "Office Wife."

First, let's look at the working girl's attitude to the men's wives, any of whom may suspect her of being an office Cucco with predatory designs on the noble—and perhaps long-suffering—breadwinner. That is why there is always a guarded warming-up, mutually, the first time a wife appears in the office.

The girl in the office, of course, is at a disadvantage. Usually she is unmarried, but the other women has got her man. And how women like to rub that in!

The wife who is friendly and natural is accepted at once by the office girls; they take special pains to recognize her voice and greet her by name when she phones. They willingly engage to ask the man in the office to phone her back or take

coffee home, and they keep him up to it, seeing that he does not forget in the press of business distractions. For such a wife the man's stenographer, often, will cheerfully lay the groceries or the flowers.

Every office girl quickly learns to differentiate between the wife who comes on the phone with "This is MRS. Brown" and the kind who says "Vera Brown speaking, Miss Kuitson." Friendly, or the wife who measures her importance by her husband's ranking in the office.

If you are in an office long enough you are bound to meet the wife who comes to the conclusion that something **MUST** be going on in the office, so comes the day when she serves to reconnoiter the field as minutely as a general planning a counter-attack. Dressed up to the nines, she swoops on the office. She smiles with forced cheerfulness on everyone about the place, but this

can't disguise the diamond-pointed drilling glance with which she assesses every woman in the office. Once felt, that glance is never forgotten.

I was a secretary long enough to know that wives who fear the work when husband phones to say, "I'll be late, dear, I'm detained at the office," toy with a specter that has nothing to it, with very nice exceptions.

The simple little housewife perhaps pictures her in some ancestral orgy on the hen's deep pile rug with bottles and blossoms—the earth-lust hours of the office staff. But I'll bet my girdle that in something more than ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the husband is coming inwardly that, on top of a tough day's work, he's got to check things out with the other men across the general manager's desk.

There are two classes of women in business: those who want to get a man and those who want to get somewhere in the job. And those who want a man don't usually find them in the same office; they find a husband elsewhere, so any business's staff records show. They very, very seldom marry the boss—statistics are against them there.

One factor that discourages a man from having anything to do with an office girl outside of business is that his day is so pressing he has little time or inclination to look on the girls as anything but parts of the business machine. The pace of modern business is such that at the end of the day he seldom wants anything but to get away from it all, and away from his fellow workers.

Then, too, he is no doubt as

ridiculed by Miss Putnam's peculiar little habits as she by his. Because, of course, there is nothing that makes us want to screw more than a man's habit of heaving every few words of dictation or drumming his fingers, or twisting paper clips endlessly or forever jacking his eyebrows.

But the most powerful deterrent to a man becoming amorous is that he very well knows that she will have the drop on him. If he kisses her and she resents it, she can make him a laughing stock among the girls. If he has a fluster he can make things very uncomfortable for him in the place. If they have an affair and anything goes wrong, she can tell his wife, or—worse still—tell his boss.

No, fear keeps them from being waltzes. They've learned a don't pay to mix business with pleasure.

Naturally there are occasional exceptions. I once worked with a girl who dallied with a junior executive. Poor man! I don't know how far the affair went, but I know he regretted it. She was not at all attractive, but after he dropped her she must have looked positively hideous to him. Right-tipped, acid and crawling. The covert insolence that you could not put your finger on. She wouldn't take orders from him, though you couldn't prove it.

There wasn't a thing he could do about it. He quit his job, to get out of it, she stayed on.

And don't think we haven't got the man taped. All libelled and filed away.

There's the Little Dictator type. He's the bullying son, with no consideration for his stenographer.

IN 1919, before Sgt. E. F. McCarthy embarked for service in Hong Kong, Mr. Ronald Shaw sent him a signed photograph. This he kept during capture by the Japanese, tarpaulined, and looking at his prison camp in Kobe by the Americans. On his return to England he sent the photograph to Mr. Shaw "to look at and see what you have been and what you have been through." Shaw returned it to him with the scribbled comment on the back: "Don't risk it again, I'm sorry."

Possibly he does not realize he is taking his morning-after ill-temper out on her by all sorts of impudence and irony.

He is closely related to the Big Shot-complex type, like the other man who doesn't give dictation until late afternoon and then must have his letters by 5 p.m., or the super-efficient type with his staccato approach to even trivial questions.

There is the uncouth type. The perfect glad-hander to clients and other visitors, behind their backs he will say to his secretary: "Who the blazes does he think he is—Mr. Chaffey? I can't talk to him now, tell the — to go to hell!"

We meet the ogler, too, the sort who shifts his chair or drops a paper so as to get a good look at your legs. And the peeper, you wonder why he loiters, leaning on your desk, until you realize he can't keep his eyes off your neckline.

Worst of all, in the office girl's opinion, is the surreptitious snicker.

We've all met him. The sort who "accidentally" touches you going by, or light-heartedly (no-harm-at-all) straddles a passing bottom. And the sweet-and-sympathetic spirit who squeaks the soft part of your arm, and the one who puts an arm around you confidentially (brotherly-love type). Also the Laughing Cavalier, who yanks at a bow, saying "Does this work or is it a fake?" Heaven spare the working girl!

A girl in an office has nothing to fear, if she keeps her head and can keep a sense of humor. Fear, and hard work, cooks the blood of the more dangerous types.

Of course if the girl is indiscreet, that's another story. Very few of them are.

I remember a story told about a well-known comedian whose windows overlooked another building. Looking down into an office he could see a businessman and a girl who was prepared to be more than an office wife after 5 o'clock. The comedian picked up his phone and, tuning at perfectly, rang the businessman's number "Remember," he said, "God is watching you."

Another thing men just don't like glances girls in business. I think they are afraid of them, they certainly make men uncomfortable.

One day my boss was interviewed by a man who was trying to shoot him a line. He could help her and she would be so grateful. She admitted she had never done this kind of work before, but she had dressed to knock 'em cold. She wore a slim black skirt, a wide red leather belt and a white blouse with an open-neck top from shoulder to shoulder, through which he could

see a fetching amount of "cleavage" (motion picture inside term for a desirable aspect of the female figure). Of course he could help her, and he kindly gave her advice, but do you know what my boss was thinking? "Don't fall for it! She obviously doesn't know a tick about her work. Don't be a sucker!"

Any experienced man will tell you that the sex-flaunting type of female is a headache in any business dealings and a menace on any staff. She makes men suspicious of women generally and she makes it harder for women to get ahead in business. Inevitably there are some men who will fall for the sex-flaunter, but mostly men are being too hard pressed by other men in the catch-as-catch-can game of business to have any mind for sex in an office.

One thing that suspicious wives forget is that to most girls, most men in the office do not seem desirable. This was illustrated one day in an office where I worked when

three junior typists were discussing the men they worked with.

I could see my boss, who was quite charming, pass in the corridor, listening. He positively grinned, until one miss said: "After all, there's only one man in the whole place worth looking at, and that's Eric." The other girls sighed assent. Eric, I might say, was only 19. My boss bolted into his office. Was the poor dear's face red?

Speaking as a girl who has been on the wrong side of the typewriter, my advice to wives is to push the breadwinner out of the house in the morning and forget him until he turns up again. Remember, business was invented to feed and clothe wives and families; and another thing, it keeps men from being a bother around the house all day, which is a blessing!

Thank goodness I'm through with it all now. I never want to look at an office again.

Me? Oh, I married the boss.



HER HUSBAND MADE A OF HER



MARIE J. FANNING

For 30 years she loughed the thing that brought her fame and fortune.

ELLA SHIELDS was performing in London when Dame Nellie Melba visited her in her dressing room backstage. She kept the great *diva* waiting a few minutes while she got out of her top hat and tails.

Melba, when she entered the room with several young men, including Lord Lovelock, exclaimed: "Why did you change? I wanted to show these young men how they should dress."

Melba then said to the male impersonator: "You cannot sing for pickles, but you have a note in your throat that many singers would give a lot to possess."

And so the famed Australian soprano, in her Melba fashion, acknowledged in 1928 the perfection of the other actor's impersonations and the tremendous appeal which they held for her audience.

Although lacking the vocal qualities of a prima donna, Ella Shields—equally well known as Burlington Bertie—has sang to a larger number of people than many of the world's great singers.

Not only has she appeared many times in the big cities of Australia, but she is remembered for her performances in small country towns and settlements in various parts of the country.

Of her early years in Australia, Miss Shields has a store of memories.

On one occasion when she visited a small country town 250 miles from Adelaide she was astounded to find the one-roomed hall had no dressing room. The people, however, were not to be deterred by their performance and hurriedly built a shelter of tree boughs.

At another Australian town a

similar condition existed. As there was insufficient time to meet the problem in the same way, Miss Shields used her motor car as a dressing room, from which she made her entrances and exits to and from the stage.

A small, exquisitely clad woman, dainty and with a vital, charming personality, Ella Shields is again making a successful tour of Australia.

Asked for her personal reaction to the role she has been playing for almost 40 years, her reply was startling.

"I loathe it! I would much prefer to appear on the stage as flowing gowns and pretty, feminine costumes. But my success and live blood lay in my impersonations and for that reason my stage role was destined to be what it is."

It is obvious that the masculinity which she has assumed on the stage has had no influence at all on Miss Shields' extremely feminine personality.

The artist did not commence her career as an impersonator, not as a singer, but as a toe dancer and as a back-and-wing and soft-shoe dancer. It was not until after her marriage to William Haggren, one of England's foremost song writers, that she became a soubrette on the English stage.

She was signed to a seven years' contract by Sir Walter Gibbons, managing director of London Theatres Variety, and her early repertoire included ballads, negro spirituals and popular songs.

Her husband, who wrote many of her songs, suggested an innovation for her act. For her last two numbers Miss Shields would

wear a red tunic over a short skirt; she carried white gloves and a swagger stick, and behind one ear was a cigarette. This was characteristic of the soldier of the day and the role met with great success.

Miss Shields laughs as she recalls her horror when Sir Walter offered to increase her salary by £25 if she consented to appear on stage as a trooper.

"I eventually agreed to the experiment, but I could not be convinced that the contrast of feminine and masculine attire did not lend greater vivacity and interest to the performance," she says.

It was 1912 when Miss Shields first appeared in all-male attire, at the Hippodrome in Brighton, England—and booking agents and critics from London were down at a body to see the transformation. Some were in favor, others were not and declared Miss Shields was too slight and dainty for the part. At that time the leading male impersonator in England was Vesta Tilley, who also was a small person but highly successful.

For six months Ella Shields played her masculine impersonation in every theatre and music hall in London, becoming the most successful dramatic male impersonator on the stage. She made popular songs that are old favorites like—remember?—"When You Have no Money in Your Pocket," "Do you want my Clogs?" (everyone whistled it in this country 24 years ago).

Her first appearance on stage was always in formal morning attire, followed by lounge suit, and then the dress uniform of an officer of the Yorkshire Hussars.

PROSPECT

Though women weep on
wishing-day,
And vow it turns their hair to
gray,
And curse the copper and
the studs,
I will not join in what they
say;
For wishing day's the day for
me—
I mean sweet Alma's, when I
am
Upon the line outside my
room
Her stinky dinkus dance with
plea!

—T.W.N

Miss Shields' commencing took her back to her first night at the Coliseum:

"I can see the stage now. It was just a mass of beautiful cotton blossoms and I sang for them 'Cotton Blossom Sae'."

In the early days of masculine impersonation it was easier to create characters with which the public was familiar, as the "Policeman and the Cook," the "Nursmaid and the Soldier," and "Piedpiper Johnny," the well-known character of an English dandy who appeared as a snob but in reality was an extremely human person with the ability to appreciate a joke directed at himself. It is because of the difficulty in creating new characters that so many of the old numbers are still being used, but over the years they have lost none of their charm nor popularity.

Miss Shields' anecdotes includes a number that illustrate the puerile reaction of children to her impersonations.

In Sydney recently a little girl entered Miss Shields' dressing room and chatted a while. When she was leaving the artist gave her some chocolates and the child ran to her mother excitedly. "Mummy, I've got some chocolates from the lady-of-the-stage and the man-on-the-stage."

It was not until October, 1914, that "Burlington Bertie" was born. The song was actually written by Walker Hargreaves for Tommy Hughes, known as the "Aristocratic Ragbag" for his character song of the same name, but on hearing it read by his wife Hargreaves decided she should characterize it.

Hargreaves wrote many similar songs before "Burlington Bertie," including the "Aristocratic Ragbag" and "Silk Hat Tony," for other clever artists, but none compared with the success of "Burlington Bertie." Miss Shields herself believes that the novelty of "Burlington Bertie" rested as a musical monologue has accounted for its undying popularity. The other songs were sung as written and it was usual for the audience to join in singing the chorus with the artist.

In the old days of vaudeville and variety it was the practice for composers and publishers to present their songs to well-known artists for their special use, protecting them with an injunction against performance by other artists for from six to 12 months. Ella Shields had the opening rights of most of the songs she included in her performance, the majority of which were actually written by her husband.

In 1919 Miss Shields had the

distinction of being the first stage artist invited to America after the 1914-1918 war. She played in New York, in an all-British bill, and the *New York Times* declared the performance was worth the highest prices paid if only for the pleasure of seeing the perfect entrances and exits made by the British artists.

Despite the busy routine which is her everyday life, Miss Shields generously acknowledges all her fan mail, often 50 letters a day. In Sydney recently she received 275 telegrams from people in both Australia and New Zealand.

The long life of "Burlington Bertie," the famous song, has been a source of interest and curiosity to people. Many have enquired how many times Miss Shields has performed the number.

"I was being entertained by the manager of a large hotel in Melbourne some years ago," she says, "and my host was called away from the table. He left his son, aged 12 to carry out his duties while he was absent. As soon as his

father had disappeared he turned over to me and asked, 'Miss Shields, how many bananas have you had with Lady Diana?'

"I was amazed, but I answered quite seriously. 'Well, I have sung 'Burlington Bertie' for seven consecutive years in London, four shows a day. There are 365 days in a year, less Sundays, so now you get your pencil and tell me how many bananas I have eaten with Lady Diana.'"

Ella Shields is an amazing woman, fresh and youthful-looking, with extraordinary vitality. She has no plans for a retirement from the stage in spite of the fact that she has a grandson aged 22.

"It is my intention to continue with my stage performances as long as I am physically able to," she says. "After my tour of Australia I propose to visit New Zealand, even if I have to organize a show myself to take across with me."

For though she fothers her male role, Ella Shields, after all these years, loves the theater still.





Ladies OF THE JOLLY ROGER

Two pirates looked and loved as hardily as men, but they were women.

THE young pirate, called Mat by some of his fellow thieves, saw his chief hiring aboard a new recruit. A comely lad, the newcomer would have been too comely for that raffian crew except for his lowly clothes and the way he wore breeches with a man's gait.

The lad had a bright Irishness about him and the twang of South Carolina speech. He had been picked up in New Providence by Captain John Rackem and had eagerly joined the brotherhood of sea rovers.

Mat saw that the new lad was much in Rackem's company and seemed to prefer the chief's cabin to sleeping with the crew. But that was not uncommon among ships of the 18th century.

The boy, too, noticed the young buccannier. Mat felt himself watched by the lad's ardent eyes and soon sensed that the other had singled him out for special friendship.

Thus affection became more subdued; it seemed as if the lad

were struggling with a passion that would not be suppressed, until under a warm tropical sky, breathless with desire, the youth confessed that he was a woman in man's attire.

Young Mat laughed, as if this were really too good a joke.

The girl pirate was Anne Bonny and she was Rackem's mistress. She was the bastard of an Irish lawyer and a servant girl. Running away from the scandal, the father had taken his child to the American colonies where, clothed as a boy, she was thought to be his nephew.

Nature, of course, would not be denied and with womanhood Anne changed into feminine gentleness in South Carolina. Before she was quite 16 she ran away with a sailor. After a clandestine marriage he sailed with her to the island of New Providence.

There she deserted her husband, after a while, for the bold rogue Rackem and, having a most unladylike urge for adventure, gladly

resumed men's clothing to go to sea with the pirates.

After Anne's disclosure of her real sex, Mat and she formed a close friendship.

Once the buccannier captain bost as on them while they were talking innocently. Raging with jealousy, for he had observed the familiarity between the two, he threatened to beat the daylight out of the young rascal who was trying to steal his woman.

This time both Anne and her bosom friend laughed hugely.

"Why, Jack," said Anne, "this lad's a woman, too!"

They convinced Rackem that this was indeed so and Mary Read—for such was "Mat"—begged him to keep her secret. Sportingly, Rackem did so, for Mary well knew that though the pirates liked to call themselves "gentlemen of fortune," they seldom were gentlemanly with women. For instance, at that same period, the infamous pirate Edward Teach went through the form of marriage with 14 women, the last an exceptionally pretty maiden of 16 whom, on his wedding night, he gave to six of his bosom companions while he looked on.

Mary was a pirate at heart and as daring as the boldest buccannier. Mary Read and Anne Bonny, indeed, were fiercer than the men in their own gang.

If Mary were not born to treason she was so conditioned to them that she could wear pants, as she did for most of her life, as though they were natural to her.

She had been born in England, the illegitimate child of a young

widow whose first-born, a son, had died at the age of 10 months. In a society that afforded women no economic independence, short of wealth by gift, this unfortunate had every prospect of starving. She secured subsistence from her mother-in-law by passing off her daughter as her late husband's son. So she dressed Mary as a boy, but when the grandmother died she left them nothing. Mary took a job as a footman and soon, at the age of 14, joined Marlborough's army in Flanders as a soldier.

Mary had a man-sized craving for adventure and made a good soldier, so that her sex was never suspected. She transferred to the cavalry, still fighting like a man. But with a Flemish mercenary bedded on a pillbox beside her, propriety was her undoing. One night she rolled towards him, whispered urgently in his ear. He was surprised and doubting, she snatched his hand and pressed it to her bosom.

Embraces, however, were all she would allow after lights out had been bugled. Whether from chastity or fear or shrewdness, she denied him night after night until in the long run he married her.

She left the army and she and her husband established themselves at Berda, where for two years they conducted a tavern where officers could gamble. They prospered, but at the end of that time her husband died, nor would she carry on the business alone. Mary left Berda, resumed masculine attire and enlisted again in the army under an assumed name.

When peace came, soldiering was top time for her. She deserted and,

THE inevitable Bing is so popular as singer and movie star that it is hard to think of him as a business man. Yet his multitude of affairs are made to tick from an office building which houses Crosby Enterprises, Rainbow Productions, Crosby Productions Inc., and Phibes Productions. When he is not acting as a movie star, Bing goes to the office—bonds up the stairs instead of waiting for a lift, dashes into his own room and does what his secretary has set out for him, and dashes out to play golf before many of his staff know that he has been in the office at all. Bing's assistant is his father, Harry Crosby, Sr., manager. Although he has a business manager who, he says, is the main spring of the organization, Bing, apart from his vocal and acting abilities, is a very good business manager himself.—*From PHOTOPLAY, the world's most popular movie magazine.*

adventure beckoning her hungry spirit, she joined the crew of a Dutch ship sailing for the West Indies.

After the long North Atlantic voyage the ship entered the pirate-infested vicinity of the Barbados Islands. Then a small, swift sail hove in sight and gave chase to the lumbering ship. A buccanier gang out of New Providence fell upon the ship, looted the cargo, and begged of the firehoopers' life. When they left they had been joined by an eager young scoundrel from the merchantman—Mary Read took the oath under the skull-and-crossbones black flag, swearing on her "honour as a gentleman" to obey the rules of the buccanier brotherhood.

The pirates became such a plague that Barbados discontinued to wipe out their lists and in 1718 dispatched Captain Woods Rogers with two 40-gun ships to New Providence.

Forewarned, the pirates held a meeting and discussed holding out

as an independent state. The majority decided to clear out and surrender, accepting the King's pardon. More than 100 decided to stay and defy Rogers, but when the warships arrived they capitulated, except one gang under a buccanier named Charles Vane, who boldly sailed out past Rogers and went pushing up the north coast of America.

Those who capitulated foreswore piracy and shipped in honest vessels. But their conversion was not heartfelt; they mostly drifted back into piracy as soon as they could. Mary Read found herself on a vessel with Rackam, who led a mutiny, seized the craft and turned pirate again.

One day Rackam overhauled a merchantman, hoisted the Jolly Roger and captured him bloodily. Needing replacements for his crew, Rackam's men signed on some of the merchant seamen by strong-arm recruiting methods. Among them was an uncommonly handsome sailor with whom Mary

found herself desperately in love.

At last, when she could stand it no longer, one night she told him she was a woman. He was incredulous. Looking at this stalwart seaman in the rough attire of a pirate, he could not believe it. Mary whisked off her snub, stripped off shirt and breeches, and stood naked before him. A muscular figure, lean from the exercise of a strong man's work, but unmistakably a woman's. Mary held out her arms to her lover.

In 1720 Rackam's pirate vessel was captured at Neigill Point, Jamaica, by Captain Barnett in a small warship that Woods Rogers had sent out to hunt this gang down.

Rackam's pirates fought with the desperation of despair, but not furiously enough for the two women pirates. Mary and Anne fought more frantically than any of the gang. When Anne found two pirates who wanted to surrender, she cut them down with her cut-throat.

Overpowered by Barnett's superior force, the surviving pirates were taken off their vessel in irons.

They were brought to trial before an Admiralty Court at Port Royal, Jamaica, and on November 16, 1720, John Rackam and several others were condemned to death. The lesser pirates were swung from the scaffold with rope about their necks, but Rackam and his lieutenants were hanged by the feet, a crueler death.

Before passing sentence of death the president of the court, Nicholas Law, asked whether the prisoners had anything to say on their own behalf. Two of the pirates stepped

forward and declared they were women. Furthermore, they said they were pregnant.

When the astounded court had verified the sex of the two prisoners a postponed sentence and returned them to prison. They could not be executed then because of the unborn children.

To satisfy the lust wish of Rackam, he was allowed to see his mistress before he hanged. Taken to his cell, Anne said she was sorry to see him come to such a plight. "But," the pirate woman said, "if you had fought like a man you would not now be hanged like a dog."





It's hard to pick the friends when you buy a ring.

JOSEPHINE BURNS

YOUR DIAMONDS MIGHT BE

FAKES!

A WOMAN and her husband entered a small set jewellery shop in Sydney last month. They spent some time examining the rings displayed in the various showcases and then the woman asked:

"Would you tell me how much that diamond ring is, please?"

"I am sorry, madam," the proprietor replied, "but that is not a diamond, it is a saron."

"Well, I never!" The woman was astonished. "I don't know how you can tell the difference."

"Would you know how to distinguish the genuine from the fake, the one-carat diamond from a particularly bright saron, or a smaller diamond from a 'dressed up' white sapphire?"

A jeweller's assistant told this story.

For a whole week of working days he had watched a young girl who appeared outside the window at practically the same time each

day. She made a prolonged study of the ring section of the window and then passed on her way. But he noticed that the ring which absorbed most of her attention appeared to be a well-set solitaire ring which rested on a velvet lined box immediately behind the glass.

Then on the following Saturday morning the girl came into the shop with a young man of 25 or so.

She was completely confident and approached the counter without hesitation, but her companion lingered in the background.

"We would like to see some diamond engagement rings, please," the girl requested.

The assistant moved forward.

"Certainly. Have you any preference for style or setting?"

The girl hesitated then for a moment.

"Yes. I would like a single stone set in gold."

The assistant understood and he smiled quietly as he removed a

tray of rings from the window. Yesterday he could have sold that particular ring but he had returned, knowing she would come back. Now he left it in the window. His experience had taught him that.

The two heads bent over the glittering stones and one by one the rings were examined and discarded.

The young man had overcome his nervousness and he indicated a small stone set in white gold.

"How about this one?"

"No-no." His fiancee passed on to the next. Then as if an idea had suddenly occurred to her, she looked up at the assistant.

"Have you any others? I think I would like something with a higher setting."

"I am sure I have just what you want."

The man behind the counter produced the ring from the front of the window.

The girl's face brightened when she saw it.

"Oh, yes, that is just what I want."

The price was satisfactory, the ring fitted and the couple left the shop in a glow of happiness and excitement.

As he replaced the rings in position the assistant had pondered on the girl's instinctive and sound judgment. Apparently she had not wanted her fiance to know that she had actually selected the ring before their visit, but her choice had been good. It wasn't a large diamond but it was flawless, and the value was reasonable. Also the setting was careful and well suited to her small hand.

But not many people have that unerring instinct in selecting diamonds. Surprisingly few really know how to buy a diamond ring. They are unaware of the risks and pitfalls that wait for the inexperienced purchaser who is willing to buy on size and appearance only.

The most these unknowledgeable buyers can do is to place themselves in the hands of a reputable jeweller. Fortunately there are few jewellers who are not honest and painstaking in their efforts to give their clients value.

In the reign of high prices and blackmarketeers, however, the temptation to buy "on the side" at a lower cost is always present, and this is where danger lurks.

Times were bad for the women who entered a Sydney pawnshop recently to borrow money on her diamond ring.

The proprietor examined it carefully and expertly, and pronounced its value at £15.

"But my husband paid £75 for it only last year." The woman was upset and bewildered.

"I am afraid your husband was deceived," the man declared.

He then showed her with the aid of a magnifying glass the curious flat specks in the diamond, known as carbon, which constitute the flaws in a stone. Sometimes these flaws are large enough to be discernible to the naked but experienced eye and their presence reduces an otherwise handsome diamond to an unbecomingly small fraction of what its value would have been.

The depth of a stone also has an important bearing on its value. A diamond with a good surface

width can make an impressive display, but should it lack reasonable depth it possesses a mere shadow of what the non expert would expect.

Probably the commonest way of ending the enquiry is substituting the white sapphire, the acron, or the diamond hawk.

The white sapphire has a milky appearance and, set in a plain gold band, its value is usually around £5 or £6. The acron is a semi-precious stone, similar to the diamond in appearance, and rating a value of £5 per carat as against £50 for a diamond carat.

There are two simple tests which can reveal to the prospective and astute diamond purchaser whether a stone is genuine.

A diamond turned on its side will show a clear-cut, sparkling surface, but both the white sapphire and the acron gather in this position a dark shadow, resembling a film of water, which lies across the top of the stone.

The second test can be made by breathing heavily on the stone. A diamond will not hold the vapour, but the acron and white sapphire will immediately become frosted.

In some cases where a white sapphire has been passed off as a diamond, the under-surface of the stone has been painted with gilt, which intensifies the mirror glitter.

A further characteristic of the genuine diamond is that it is marked in black at its base, whereas the acron's marking is brown. This indication, however, is not entirely reliable as acron "diamonds" have also been found to be carefully over-marked in black.

The hawk of the diamond is the outer casing, which is removed when the stone is cut. Elaborate precautions are taken in the diamond industry to prevent these casings being put to misuse, but occasionally they have been straggled out of pebble plants and have figured in diamond frauds with considerable success. The hawk, which is soft and pliable and has a certain amount of sparkle, is dropped into an acid to harden and then mounted in a ring setting.

One feature of this diamond substitute which will establish its identity to the wary purchaser is the slight stickiness which remains after hardening. The test is to place a finger on the stone, for a fraction of a second. If it adheres it is most certainly a diamond hawk.

The carats of a diamond are measured by a special gauge which progresses by points. A 100-point diamond has a marking of "one carat." Diamonds over four carats are measured by a compass, but as stones of this size are rare it is not often the standard gauge has to be discarded.

Most jewellers are able to relate stories illustrating the superstitions that cling about rings.

"A young couple came into my shop," one jeweller tells, "and after inspecting most of my stock, the girl's fiance persuaded her to agree on an opal. It was a very attractive ring and looked well on her hand."

"However, it was only a week later that she returned alone and in tears. She told me that ever since buying the ring she and her fiance

had been bickering and quarrelling and she pleaded with me to exchange the opal for a diamond. I did so and she went away quite happy in the belief that from then on things were going to run smoothly for them again."

Self-consciousness influences the choice of engagement rings in many instances, and a hasty purchase results.

"I think the woman is always far more cautious than the man," said a jeweller, "and when they select together, it is usually the woman who makes the final choice."

Jewellers themselves do not always escape the dangers of dealing in diamonds. It requires a thorough training before the knowledge that diamond-reading demands is acquired. But most jewellers become so expert in assessing the size, value and perfection of a stone that they are able to grade it with amazing accuracy after only a brief examination.

Jewellers must take extensive

precautions in exhibiting diamond rings. That is why they will rarely display to a customer more than one tray at a time and they seldom leave the rings on the counter to attend another client. One tray alone may represent several thousand pounds.

In a recent radio quiz the question was asked:

"Why are engagement and wedding rings worn on the third finger of the left hand?"

No one seemed to know, but the official answer given was that the custom had emanated from an old Greek fallacy that the vein from that finger has an exclusive pipeline to the heart. Actually, it was explained, this theory was wrong, as veins from all fingers are connected to the heart and any one finger is as good as another.

Way back in distant times wedding rings were worn on the first, second or fourth fingers and even at one time on the thumb. But not now. For sentiment has its conventions as hard as diamonds.



Broadway's GOLDEN GOSSIP



D. K. LANE

Columist turned powder-room gossip into front-page news.

RECENTLY, famous columnist Walter Winchell was approached by a big advertiser with an offer of \$3,500 for a weekly broadcast. Replied Winchell, who has been associated with one sponsor ever since he turned to radio:

"Nothing doing. The only difference between your offer and the \$3,500 I'm getting now, *later* now, would be the price of a packet of smokes—if I could get them."

Which suggests that if you live in America and can exploit your acquaintanceship with the best and the worst people by medium of a witty pen, you can find a nice way of making a living.

But Winchell is more than the originator of an unusual style of newspaper and radio presentation; he is a reporter with a flair for showmanship, and a man whose influence over the citizens of the United States is immense. His syndicated column is read by 7,000,000 people, while his 15

minutes weekly over the air is heard by 20,500,000 listeners to 114 stations.

But Winchell's rise to the position of America's foremost "informant" has not been without its drawbacks. His method of earning a fortune is no secret, Don Marquis, another well-known writer, once turned his hand to writing a column, and following what he calls his "reformation," wrote:

"While it ruined me, I loved it. It sapped my vitality, made coarseness and business of my brain, wrecked my life—and I adored doing it."

"I loathe, hate, abhor, and dread the column-writing game, I think of it as the most poisonous and destructive vice to which any author may become addicted, and the hardest work to which any human being may consent himself, and at the same time, I love it and adore it and yearn for it, and I have to fight against it."

Winchell, too, has said that he dislikes the profession, and compares himself to the violinist who played with an orchestra for 40 years, when someone asked him why he pulled faces when he played, he replied: "Because I hate music so much."

Early in Winchell's career, the former Mayor of New York, Jimmy Walker, told him: "If you have too many friends, you'll soon be so afraid of hurting somebody's feelings that you won't be able to write anything about anybody." This precept has had a tremendous influence on the columnist's personal life.

At his "second office," the Stock Club, only a privileged few are invited to sit at his table, only a handful of people know the address of the apartment where he lives with his wife and two children, his 16-acre estate in the country is about as easy to enter as the United States Mint, is surrounded by a high wall, and enterable only through a single, always-locked gate. The house has iron bars over the children's windows, and features invisible light rays connected to guns.

For himself, Winchell has no fears; he once kicked the only bodyguard he ever acquired, because, he said, the fellow stepped him from having a private life. But for his family, he abjures publicity and ensures their safety.

A man to whom the private lives of others are the life-blood of his writing, he has cut himself off from the world.

Winchell is America's top columnist, and therefore can claim a greater share of the libelities

which come to columnists. None of the half dozen or so other writers who, though using the Winchell pattern, have developed an individual style that has put them in the top-ranking class, have been forced to such extremes to insure their personal comfort.

Earl Wilson, enthusiastic paraphraser of "Winchellings" (examples: "*house heat*," meaning Wilson's night club scenes of infestation, "*Booze W&H*," meaning the people he writes about, Saloon Society, meaning night club frequenters), is willing to write of his wife's activities at the drop of a cocktail glass. Described by a fellow-writer as being caithy, bawdy and frank, Wilson professes to let people condemn themselves out of their own mouths. Once, while allegedly defending a star from the charge that she was "dilly," he quoted her denial verbatim—to prove that she was.

During the UNICEO at San Francisco, Wilson took time out from writing about New York's "Three B's" (Beer, Bats, and Behind) to attend a mass press interview with Molotov, and with typical bad taste, interrupted the Russian Foreign Minister's talk to ask if "Vodka" were pronounced "Wodka."

However, unrelevancy has been one of Wilson's greatest assets, and irrelevance for the mighty is another.

Less frothy in his style than Wilson is Leonard Lyons, who makes gossip subsidiary in his columns to documentary anecdotes about legal, governmental, theatrical and literary personalities. A lawyer by original profession, Lyons started

HELLO AND GOOD-BYE

Arise! Arise! 'Tis Spring at last!
The birds are in the trees are waking.
The buds are open, the bees a-wing.
And blue through the clouds is clearly breaking.
Up, sluggard, and give yourself over to zeal,
Blow out your breath with lusty exhilaration,
It's farewell to woolies and sneezing and moping,
To winter's fit and winter's aching.
It's farewell to cars that last month were asking,
To finger tips that with cold so numb,
But spare a thought for a good friend's passing—
It's farewell, too, to Old Men Run.

—W.G.D.

his column, the "Lyon's Den," in 1934, and has managed to stay amongst the most popular columnists since.

Among the other top columnists is Louis Sobel, a homespun philosopher who writes as intimately about the elite as the editor of the Dry Gulch Gazette writes of his subscribers. During the war, Sobel instituted a feature in his column called "Dear Bob," which in letter-style told home news to a composite character representing half a dozen boys he knew who were in battle areas. The "news-letter" gained great popularity with the troops, and established Sobel as a writer who sensed the feelings of the people.

Other Broadway columnists are Dorothy Kilgallen, who rarely visits night clubs, but whose "Voice of Broadway," built on "sob-sister" lines, tells readers, in less sarcastic phrasing, the kind of things they could find out by glancing at the burles and marriages classified advertisements of the daily press, and by perusing the pages given

to reporting divorce courts, Irving Hoffman, who in The Hollywood Reporter, follows the Winchell formula of reporting, one example is his reviewing the stage show, "Love on Leave" . . . "It trapped on the stage and fell flat on its face", Ed Sullivan, who began as a sports reporter, and now directs a good deal of his column to America's youth.

To these, within the last few months, has been added Billy Rose, columnist almost by accident. Owner of the Golden Horseshoe Cabaret, the producer of fabulous stage shows has upon the idea of using the columnist style as a paid advertisement. To his surprise, he was inundated with requests from provincial newspapers for permission to reprint the column—and Rose, never a fellow to miss a nickel, found himself among America's best-known columnists.

The sources of a columnist's information are many, varied, and often unreliable.

Walker Winchell claims that he has never paid for information,

and never accepted items unless the source is reliable. When given the wrong dope, he never uses that source again. It is, he says, like finding a gal has been unfaithful.

However, there are always hundreds of people ready to supply columnists with material. Once, acting on a tip, Winchell rushed to the scene of a crime, and was greatly embarrassed to find that he had beaten the police to the spot. Now, he always ensures the police are present before he makes his entrance, he says it is only the sporting thing to do.

Winchell is well-respected by the police, and proved himself worthy of their trust when Bruno Hauptmann was arrested for the killing of the Lindbergh baby. Having possessed himself with the information 24 hours before other reporters, he agreed to withhold publication for a full day so that investigations would not be hampered.

But the lives of all the American columnists are like that—power, glamor, and uncertainty, but it pays while it lasts. It pays to have them on your side, too.



TRAGEDY AT THE "POP-SHOP"



W. KINNENAR ROBERTSON

False teeth and tools of trade

A LITTLE grey-headed man, shabby and ind-eyed, shuffled into the pawnbroker's shop. He went to one of the cubicles and pulled from his pocket a small newspaper-wrapped package. He placed it on the rough wooden counter. The pawnbroker appeared before him.

"Can you do me a dollar on this?"

"What's in it?" asked the pawnbroker.

The little man with shaking fingers unfolded the parcel. A set of upper and lower teeth were revealed in all their hideousness. The pawnbroker wrapped the teeth, went away and returned with five shillings and a ticket on which was marked the amount of the loan and rate of interest—15 a month. The little man pocketed the money and hurried out. His step was almost

are cashed for a fatal craving.

jaunty. He went to a nearby hotel and bought a bottle of wine. The red wine gurgled down his throat, and at five minutes his hands had ceased to shake. He stuffed the bottle in his hip pocket and walked to his lodging house.

It was mid-morning and he was determined to make the best last hour of the remainder of the day and night. He had exactly one and threepence. He wasn't worried about food, anyhow he couldn't eat without his teeth. But it was pension day on the morrow, and he would redeem his teeth, treat himself to a few drinks and have a good meal.

He drew his pension and had the few drinks, in fact he had a few more than he had intended because he had fallen in with some cronies of the same social status. They had no money and the little

man spent freely—such is the curse of the fallen.

At odd moments he thought about his teeth, but as glass followed glass of cheap wine he didn't worry greatly. Another day without food wouldn't harm him. Didn't doctors say that a day or so of self-imposed starvation every now and then was good for the system? He would get his teeth next thing the next morning. And when he awoke from a heavy, fuddled sleep the next morning he had 9s left of his pension. If he got his teeth that would only leave him 3s, nothing like enough for a bottle and a meal. As he pondered the problem, he realized he wasn't hungry. To hell with the teeth. He'd get them sometime. He got into his shabby suit and went out. And so the day passed. He was penniless the following morning.

By good fortune he met an acquaintance as toothless as himself, and he sold him the pawnbroker for 3s. The acquaintance went to the pawnshop and before the proprietor's startled gaze he put the teeth in his mouth and grinned horribly. With the teeth rattling and wobbling he marched out full of contentment. A set of teeth for 11s, even if they didn't fit, was a good buy.

That is the comedy aspect of the story.

The tragic side was disclosed a couple of days later when the little grey-haired man was found unconscious in a park. He was taken to hospital suffering from malnutrition and alcoholic poisoning. He became another charge upon the State—another of the long procession

of men whose stories are the humor and tragedy of the pawn shop.

There is the case of the cabinet-maker, a master tradesman. He, too, became addicted to "plank." First he pawned his bevelling plane, telling himself that he could do without it on his present job. He would have a good cheque from that job and it would be an easy matter to find the 15s to redeem the plane.

But the 15s he borrowed on the plane went surprisingly quickly and then he pawned his smoothing plane. The avalanche had begun.

One by one his chests went, and his hammer, and his saws, all beautiful tools of fine-tempered steel. Eventually his entire lot was in the "hock shop" and the job he was on was never finished. The pawnbroker said finally he would not have been surprised to see the cabinet-maker stagger in with his work bench on his back! But he never did, because the cabinet-maker had sold that to a fellow tradesman.

The sequel to this tale happened four months later. The cabinet-maker had pulled himself together and earned enough as a laborer to get back his tools. With a warm feeling inside him he hastened to the pawnshop to be told that his tools had been sold at auction a couple of weeks before.

The pawnbroker paid him the difference between what he had loaned on the tools and what they had brought at auction. Incidentally, all pawnbrokers are compelled by law to do this, less a small charge for expenses, but it is an almost unheard thing for any

IN Los Angeles, a divorcee—
 a stout lady, dressed in
 unimpressive to James Goodard's
 too-well-worn pinstripes:

I tried discussing, fessing and
 wild.
 But when I did, she just
 went wild.
 She talked, she screamed,
 she cursed and swore
 She'd have me bawled
 from the door . . .

then granted the decree to
 wife Dolores, who had proudly
 changed James' weak leadership.

of them to offer to do so. The
 cabinet-maker is now scrubbing
 floors for a menial's wage in a
 suburban hotel.

There is the story of the soldier
 —a decorated war hero—who one
 morning went to a city hotel. He
 was neatly and completely dressed,
 and he had a little money. When
 that was spent he left the company
 and returned ten minutes later
 without his hat. A little later he
 left again and returned without his
 coat and vest. Finally he left the
 hotel rather drunk—hatless, coat-
 less, shoeless, shirtless.

There are usually almost as many
 women visitors to pawnshops as
 men, in some districts there are
 more. Some women pawn things
 so they can idle a couple of hours
 with more financial friends at a
 wine bar, others do so for the sake
 of their husbands. There is a man
 who regularly pawns his one good
 suit, has no sleeping bag, and has
 to stay at home while his wife,
 poor long-suffering soul, does

washing for a week to earn enough
 to redeem his suit. Then he is a
 very good husband and goes to
 work for three weeks.

One pawnbroker told me that
 women are harder bargainers and
 trickier customers than men. He re-
 lates the story of a woman who
 over a period of 12 months had
 regularly pawned her fur coat. It
 was a good coat and well worth the
 £5.

So accustomed was the pawn-
 broker to scanning the bulky
 brown-wrapped parcel, and hand-
 ing it back a week or so later, that
 finally he didn't bother to unwrap
 it. The catch should be obvious.
 The woman didn't appear for five
 months, and when the pawnbroker
 was sorting out the unclaimed
 pledges he opened the parcel and
 found it contained a brick and
 many old rags. The woman had
 left the district £5 the richer.

There was a very mean man who
 liked to drink in the company of
 certain police officers but who was
 wary when it came to buying
 drinks. He had a valuable stop-
 watch which he loaned to one of
 the policemen who said he wanted
 to clock his son's training sprint.
 The policeman proved the watch
 for £2, returned to the hotel and
 spent lavishly until the money was
 gone. The next day the mean man
 recovered by post the pawnbroker
 for his watch with a few appropriate
 words of thanks for an entertain-
 ing afternoon.

Pawning goes back to the middle
 ages when the trade was practised
 almost exclusively by Jews and
 Lombards. In England pawn-
 brokers were recognised by statute
 in the reign of James I and in 1672

an Act was passed to consolidate
 all the Acts relating to pawn-
 brokers in Great Britain, but it
 does not extend to Ireland, why,
 nobody seems to know.

Rates of interest are fixed by
 law. On a loan under 40s, £d may
 be charged on every 2s for a period
 not exceeding one month, and so
 on at the same rate per calendar
 month, and when the sum is above
 40s a £d may similarly be charged
 on every 2s 6d.

These seem reasonable charges,
 but what of this country? Pawn-
 brokers are certainly licensed, but
 no rates of interest are fixed and
 they charge what they like. By
 common consent the most reason-
 able charge is in the pound up to
 £2 and 6d in the pound thereafter,
 but this only applies to articles

which can be placed in a safe—
 watches, jewellery, binoculars and
 such like—but on anything more
 bulky the rate rises sharply. The
 general charge for clothing is 1s 6d
 in the pound, while different pawn-
 brokers have different charges for
 wireless sets, sewing machines,
 lawn mowers, bicycles and type-
 writers.

The other day a woman showed
 me a pawn ticket for an electric
 sewing machine on which she had
 been loaned £7 and the rate of
 interest was worked at 11s 8d per
 month, which paid monthly for
 twelve months would amount to
 100 per cent.

And not all pawnbrokers, by a
 long way, are Jews!

People pretend to despise them,
 but their popularity remains!



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS



Brunettes are bad luck to the superstitious crew of the sea.
CAPT. JACK HAMILTON

SAILORS *Prefer* BLONDES

DESPITE the onward march of the scientist and skeptic in modern times investigation has proved that sailors, particularly of the older school, still stick to many ancient traditions of superstitious origin, some of which appear to date back to the earliest maritime era.

Quite recently in the port of Sydney on a well-known liner the skipper and his navigation officer had a serious quarrel which started over the latter putting the chart-room calendar on a day ahead before midnight to save him the trouble on the following morning.

The skipper (of Scottish origin) suggested that such grabbing of Old Father Time by the forelock on shipboard was asking for a shipwreck or worse.

And that is only one of numerous queer fables associated with mariners.

Certainly the latest effort of in-

dustry might smile ironically, and Jack Skye of the *fo'c's'le* might wink his starboard eye when interrogated by the bewitching blonde on the high seas about marine superstitions, but it should not be assumed that they have disappeared from the nautical make-up. Far from it. It is only that seafarers of today recognize the fact they live in a utilitarian age in which they might be held up to derision if they admitted their strange beliefs to all and sundry.

But close observation of their behaviour will bear out that few if any among them, old or young, would abuse willingly the word marine creeds of ancient origin which, from time to time, have been held responsible for the loss and salvation of ships and sailors and other maritime casualties.

If you want proof of this seafaring inhibition seek out the wives and widows of mariners who

have seen their men secretly putting on their larboard sabbot first, coming ashore over their shoulder when it has been split, and never, by any chance, dressing without inserting their left leg into trousers and left arm into coat sleeve before the rights. Legend claims that it is unlucky to put the right leg or hand first into the tugging to go aloft and that all true-blue sailors should dress accordingly.

According to another ancient belief sailors have preferred blondes much longer than sloughish matelots. If you wish to see more evidence of this being upheld today, keep your weather eye on the old tar posted at the liner gangway on arrival and take notice how shabbily he wrangles the first fair lady visitor aboard and politely, but firmly, edges the pleading brunette to the background by delicate manoeuvring until the blonde is safely on the ship's deck. Old salts consider beauties ill-omened as first-footers on shipboard—the reverse of the Scottish Hogmanay dark man—just as they consider terrors in Sinderstown unlucky if the Hebe serving their decanters is not furnished or Tannan. Any white womanlike Bonifiance can lay to that anywhere. Indeed, the sailors have been blamed for setting an almost universal fashion in this regard and introducing those peroxide bar marks now on tap everywhere.

This singular sentiment is said to have taken root in the early days of shipping when vessels made very long voyages and called at ports almost invariably where the inhabitants were jet black or dusky, and the sight of a blonde a delightful rarity. And no less a per-

sonage than the great Sir Francis Drake himself is reputed to have been one of the keenest believers in the legend. And, as Lady Hamilton's coloring fitted in with the custom, it can be presumed that Lord Nelson was an advocate of it also.

Ships clear from port nowadays on Friday, at a treat. But, wherever possible, sailing schedules still are arranged to avoid sailing on that day of the week—a tribute to the unlucky omen which became deep-rooted when three East India men dispatched on a Friday followed each other to Davy Jones' Locker.

Wind is not the vital force it was for nautical propulsion, but cutting adversely or strongly it can be a nuisance and even a danger to the most modern vessel of all sizes. So sailors never whistle when the weather is fair, and, when it is foul, religiously do so to importune a change. Most of the clipper ship-pers were noted for this particular idiosyncrasy as the wind meant all in all to them.

The ancient rite of darning old clothes at sea to hasten the good ship on her homeward passage is still practised with due decorum.

For curing the head winds and the deity responsible for them Captain Vanderdecken is berthing round the Cape of Storms (Cape of Good Hope) till Judgment Day in the "Flying Dutchman." Modern mariners are studiously avoiding the doomed Dutch navigator on the ground that sighting the vessel incurs a similar dire penalty.

Among the lucky omens is that crossbones monster—the shark. Which provides explanation for its

MOUNTAIN LOVE

I loved you the moment I saw you there,
As you stood in the mists of the mountain air,
So young and shy, with each pose and gesture;
And the rain-drops fresh on your up-turned face
And your touch was cool as you brushed my cheek
When I lifted you over this mountain creek
And I wondered, then, if you still would be
As sweet, if you lived in my flat with me
So I brought you home with a trace of fear
That your life would wilt if I kept you here.
But you thrived on my air, where the sunbeams stole
On you, beautiful capricious plant

—Mary Lennox

in still adorning ships' jib beams
and his tooth being proudly displayed
on Jack's rolled gold watch-chain.
But you must admit, on any account,
attract a bit's attention to a shark
or a whale about. "Show 'em to Jack
and one day they'll stuff him!" an old adage has it.

Birds figure prominently in many of these sailor creeds, too. To this day that lordly beak of the Southern Sea . . . the albatross . . . perhaps the most graceful of all feathered fiends is when . . . is sacredly regarded by members of all nations. To shoot one is sacrilege. The penalty is seven gales in succession, the seventh storm being the seventh wave . . . one which few ships or seamen survive. Old sailors hold that albatross, moults and white gulls are not birds at all, but the spirits of pious mariners living over again.

Also that the black gulls which are forever fighting with the others, and which fly over ships only when no one is about, are the ugly souls of departed carpenters and stang-hainers who lived on sailors' blood money. And the quizzical gaze of some of the heugly albatross and white gulls or moults as they swoop down near ships at sea or even in harbor down south, and closely regard every hind and rope-yarn aboard, is certainly reminiscent of skippers of the old school critically observing their descendants in action.

Just as sacred are gulls, the little gulls and petrels known as Mother Carey's Chickens. This sailor dame is claimed to be most cruel and vindictive when angered. She is the spouse of the sinister Davy Jones. The couple is reputed to dine regularly on poor drowned

sailors' bones in a capacious locker made of their unadorned limbs on the bottom of the sea.

Deep sea charity rhymes based on ancient marine superstitions might be regarded with advantage by landlubbers interested in cricket, horse-racing or other sport affected by weather and also by those outback whose fortunes de-volved upon it. One goes:

"When the birds fly low, pre-pare for a blow,

When the birds soar high fine weather be nigh."

Another of special interest to amateur fishermen and others is:

"When the sun sets behind a bank

A westerly wind you'll have to think;

When the sun sets as close as a bell,

An easterly wind as sure as hell."

A few of the legendary beliefs appear to have been evolved by crafty mates who sailed with those credulous and most superstitious of all mariners . . . Scottish skippers. This applies particularly to the creed that saving rope-yarn brings good luck. The said rope-yarn are the "perils" of the mate and sold as such as shakings at the end of each voyage. Cooks claim the same good fortune over the saving of fat and stewards for empty bottles. The latter cashes in on dead men-fish and the former on the fat on reaching port as their own perished perquisites.

Mercurial motives may also have led to clergy of any denomination, cross-eyed men and women and decreed wives' names being branded as "Jonahs" or symbols of

bad luck as soon as they stepped aboard a ship.

Of the more ancient legends, that of St. Elmo's lights appearing at the mast heads or yardarms of vessels after a storm probably causes modern shellbacks as much concern as any. It is the slow discharge of electricity from the atmosphere to earthly bodies and is usually accompanied by an anxiety crackling and fiery noise. But seamen regard it as the wrath of St. Erasmus, the patron saint of sailors since the year 1504.

No weather-beaten salt would dare doubt that a vessel was doomed if the ship's cat or rats migrated from her. Typical of their faith in this direction was a reply of an old hand of the famous leviathan White Elephant steamer "Great Eastern," when asked how she survived so many severe trials without foundering.

"The rats saved her, mum. She was that full o' them they couldn't all get ashore while she was at port. Wash them aboard she might have done anything. But she couldn't sink, you can lay to that, mum!"

The "Great Eastern" recalls another marine superstition which has survived universal acceptance for centuries, and provides an example of a good reason for trust being placed in it by sailors today. It also explains why the bodies of the late Sir Ross Smith, Aviator Howell and other Antiochians who died or were killed abroad, had to be secretly smuggled aboard ships to be returned to their native land for burial. And why each corpse so carried in any vessel is not listed as such, but as a "specimen" and

A FRENCH doctor after many experiments to prove his theory that music heals, states that the sound of a brass quartette is the best remedy for disease infections. This is doubtless based on the laissez-faire approach to illness and, one hopes, will prove of much benefit to many people who assert that certain radio programmes tend to make them sick. After all, if music heals we should be a much healthier race now than this radio brings a disaster into every house.

packed in an ordinary cargo case.

Few if any ships have been so unlucky as the "Great Eastern" . . . the most colossal failure in the history of our Mercantile Marine. Built in the 1850's at Millwall, London, she was registered as 18,357 tons . . . a sizeable ship now, nearly a hundred years after.

She was specially designed to carry passengers to India in luxury at high passage rates at a cost of £750,000. But she never entered that trade nor the Australian run for which a syndicate purchased her later, and the members of which were named like anyone who had an interest in her at any time. One who suffered was James Barnes, famous director of the renowned Blackball Line of clippers through which he amassed a fortune in the early pioneering of Australia. The blow costered him penniless and was responsible for his early death as a pauper.

The first skipper of the "Great

Eastern" was drowned heading her. On a subsequent coastal trip an explosion of the boiler connected with her galley plant.

A much-boomed innovation for passengers . . . killed several voyagers and completely wrecked her grand saloon . . . more lavishly fitted than Deary Line Theatre.

On an Atlantic voyage afterwards her engines were disabled and she rolled helplessly like a log in the Irish Sea for four days. Mishaps also occurred on every other voyage or half-voyage made.

In 1887 when she was sold to bankrupts at Milford Haven for £25,000, the cause of her long and senseless run of ill luck was revealed. She had CARRIED A CORPSE SINCE SHE WAS BUILT! Between the false and the ordinary lining of the ship's bottom the builders discovered a cherrywood pipe and the skeleton of a man, identified later as one of the building hands who had "dodged Pompey" on the job for a smoke and a saucer with fatal results over thirty years before.

Superstition governing death at sea is equally quaint and gruesome. The corpse must be buried during the day. Tradition has it that if a departed seelback is committed to the deep at night his spirit will live till dawn and he will have to swim all night with a beauty will of the wisp burning over him, a herring eating his toes and a shark swallowing his limbs.

And last but not least is the nautical legend that departed seamen do not mix with natty land-lubbers in the hereafter. They have a Port of Heaven of their own known as Fiddler's Green.

There every coal sailor at a home-ward-bounder for all time, every day is a payday: old and are run is always an up.

The watchmen at the gate are armed with bulging pins and marine-splikes to entertain ship-wreckers and shanghaies, and sailors' wives and sweethearts of all the ports, with mundane troubles forgotten, are ever ready to tread the light fantastic.

Hard to credit this? Well, most superstitions are, in the cold light of fact—but superstition belongs in feeling, not in fact, and in the lonely watches under endless sea and sky the sailor has more time than most men to feel the vastness and loneliness of the globe.

Here steers are over, and men's ports have no more terror. To the sailor it is, no doubt, wishful thinking he'd like to believe it.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



FRED PERLEY, SPENDING HIS VACATION AT HOME, GETS A GOOD DEAL OF REST AND RELAXATION BY STROLLING TO THE CORNER IN THE MORNING AND CALLING THE SHARPS TO HIS NEIGHBORS BOUND FOR THE 6:15, USING ON THE LINEARIS TO GREATER EFFORTS.

Sam Leach

Personally Speaking

TOMMY BURNS, Australian welter-weight boxing champion, who plays the part of Luke in the Australian film, "Sons of Matthew," is in line to star in a proposed new Australian film, "The Life of Les Darcy."

VERONICA LAKE happened to be on the spot when a fire broke out in the cockpit of her husband's private plane. She smothered it with her mink coat and was forced to tense fists from a friend to wear home.

ADMIRAL WILLIAM F. HALSEY was recently made an honorary LL.D. of the University of Columbia. The local chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution in Philadelphia has also awarded him the Good Citizenship Medal.

ERROL FLYNN flew back to Hollywood from Jamaica for the birth of his second wife's second child. At the time he was suffering a good deal of pain from his foot, which he had broken playing tennis.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS, Irish-born American journalist and author of "London Can Take It," took on a nice job in New York as narrator to Ben Hecht's anti-British Zionist propaganda play, "A Flag Is Born."

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, 90 years old, has announced that he is considering burning his unfinished new play instead of bothering to complete it. His tentative title for it is "Piffle."

MAHATMA GANDHI has set a fashion for pilgrims. After stamping barefoot across miles of east Bengal, pushing his non-violence campaign, he tried the next lap in a jeep.

VISCOUNT MOUNTBATTEN, India's new Viceroy, slugged and bounced his car off the road near Besenstake, Hampshire. He jumped out, stuck up his thumb and hitchhiked to London in a passing bus, which got him there for a dose with the Prime Minister.

ELEANOR ROOSEVELT was asked if she preferred to be called Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt or Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. She replied: "Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, of course. I have never made any name for myself."

JANET CALDWELL, author of the well-known "Dynasty of Death," published under the name of Taylor Caldwell, has sold film rights of her latest best-seller, "This Side of Innocence" for \$25,000.

A PLACE OF PEACE—LE GUAY PHOTO





P a s s i n g S e n t e n c e s

Each man should cut a niche for himself—not chase it.

Sense of Humor. What makes you laugh at something that would make you mad if it happened to you.

Bore. A man who, when asked about his health, tells you all about it. As she looked in her slim girlhood, 60 pounds ago.

A drunk. A man who finishes his drink and craps out of the room on spy toes.

Infant prodigy. Small child with highly imaginative parents.

Then there is the wife that asks for pin money—and the pin she wants has 12 diamonds in it.

Anthologist. A person who uses scissors and tape.

High standards of living begin above the collar and not below the belt.

Morning is that time of day when the rising generation yawns and the retiring generation rises.

To keep friends always give your candid opinion.

Puissance is the kind of word some men use to describe their inability to make a decision.

Life is neither a spectacle nor a feast, it is a predicament.

The wife who is a back seat driver is no worse than the husband who cooks from the dining room table.

The only mental exercise some people get is jumping to conclusions.

Nowadays the height of fashion is only slightly above the waist line.

Good old days are the time when we enjoyed the things our children couldn't do.

SMILING BEAUTY—UNIVERSAL'S LOVELY LINDA DARNELL.

BETTER *than* HANGING



FICTION

IT was a large funeral, for there were many there who had never known the deceased, but came merely as curious spectators, rather than mourners. Even the chief mourner, who knelt alone, seemed strangely dry-eyed and apathetic.

Those who had said that the Hendricks' never had been a happy marriage stood now at the bowed head, and confirmed their suspicions to their own satisfaction.

"Susie," a plump woman hissed sibilantly, and several of the

others nodded in wise agreement. Of course, they were not sure of all the circumstances. But who could be sure of the little incidents and emotions that can lead up to a suicide? Anyway, this all began so long ago.

They had never really been in love. On her part it had been a marriage to save her from spinsterhood. Pansie had seduced her in the middle thereof, and she had clung to him frantically until it was all settled. Perhaps she could have acquired a degree of love after

their marriage, but for the sudden resolution that he had married her merely for the security offered by her comfortable income.

Strange, that they should know each other's unspoken secret so soon after the ceremony. Strange, that they should each feel that the other was getting the best of the bargain.

But they had tried, to accept it as a bargain. For years they had lived together without a crisis in the home. She went about her housework quietly and efficiently, tolerating him for the sake of their negotiations, adjusting her life through the eyes of others; and growing just a little less generous with him every year.

When she became ill he was surprised. He had always accepted her stammers as a challenge to his vague hopes. The doctors said it was a severe nervous breakdown, and advised her to take a long holiday. But she refused to go away. In-

stead, she had continued with her work, until, one day, she had collapsed. She was forced to remain in bed after that.

MARY LINANE

It was quite suddenly that he realized how intense his hatred really was. Holding her up in the bed while she drank the milk that she took every night, he thought that everything about her was disgusting. The skin hung loose about her shoulders and chest. She looked very old. Even being in the room with her filled him with an unpleasant sense of depression.

He knew, then, that he wanted her to die, now, quickly. She was very ill. Perhaps she would die. If only she would die he would have her money. He could re-organize his life.

A sudden fury possessed him. It would be easy, he told himself, to poison her. It would be better for both of them. After all, life was no good to her. He could poison her milk. He always left her a glass of milk which she drank before going to sleep.

It was easier than he had hoped. He even kissed her as he left the room. But he did not go to bed.

ELECTRIC catapults that launch planes at high speeds from a short runway have been installed at air test centers and flying fields in America and other countries for small and revolutionary airports for future flying. Called the "catapult," the new catapult is a linear motor that will make possible floating airports or catways for refueling in mid-ocean; launch-type airports at the waterfalls of large rivers; mid-day airports with a "light-deck" several stories above the water; and the widespread use of older airports lacking the longer runways needed for bigger and faster planes.

She usually drank the milk about midnight. It was not quite 10 p.m. He would walk for an hour.

Jim Matthews' hotel was not exactly exclusive, but he had had scotch night through the war, and you could always get a drink after hours. John Hendricks was not usually a drinking man. But he felt he needed one tonight. He noticed that his hand trembled as he lifted it to ring the bell.

There were several "nights" in the bar, and a fire burned in the parlor. They were all telling tales and jokes. He felt better. It was easy and comfortable, and the whiskey brought back his confidence.

The clock struck twelve. Jim Matthews was telling a yarn about a murder.

He hadn't been listening. But Jim finished in his usual melodramatic manner. "And they hung him at dawn."

Suddenly, he was brought back to earth. He hadn't considered that side of it. He hadn't thought about the law; about post-mortems and detectives, and trials, and what they did to you after. He had been

What if she had called for help, and someone had heard her? What if she had been found, and the police had been notified? They would be looking for him to tell him. What if they suspected him?

"Well, it's getting late, boys," Jim's voice sounded unreal, and very far away. But he told himself that it was the whiskey that made him think that. He was not really afraid.

Someone said: "O.K., Jim. One for the road."

And then, suddenly, there was complete silence in the bar. Everyone stood, staring. John Hendricks felt his heart leap wildly. He held his breath. His eyes seemed the only part of him capable of moving. He was aware of a confusing thrub in his brain. Someone switched out the light.

The side door-bell was ringing so anxious to be free of her that he hadn't thought of the possibility of an investigation.

She was always very punctual about drinking her milk—usually, she was about everything. Perhaps, even now, she may be dead.

"The cops." All said at once "Out the back way."

"Quick."

"No," Jim said. "You stay here, Joe. You're a scientist. Everyone else upstairs."

"Follow me. I know the way." There was a scramble, and a shuffle of footsteps.

"It'll be O.K. Jim knows how to take them out of it."

"My old woman'd kill me if we was caught."

"Just keep quiet."

He forced himself to pace up the stairs after them. They mustn't catch him. He must escape — hanging—escape.

"This is fast enough."

They had stopped on the first floor. But he did not stop. He sized up the next flight, two steps at a time.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Scared stiff."

"Doesn't come here much. Does he?"

"Never seen him before."

"Looked like he was heading for heaven 'way up there."

"Proper scared, all right."

"No need, either. Jim's probably got out of them by now."

His heavy foot-falls had faded long before he reached the top floor.

His breath had gone. A sharp pain stabbed his chest. He leaned against the wall in the landing, pale-stricken. He knew that he could not go any farther just yet. If they came up he could not even resist. He moved over to the lift shaft. The lift was on the ground floor.

He heard voices and footsteps. They were coming after him.

Someone switched on a light on the floor immediately below. Panic seized him. It was better to end it this way. Hanging—He threw himself into the glass doors.

They were on the stairs when they heard the crash, followed by his scream.

"My God, he's fallen through the lift door."

"Must have rushed through it in the dark."

His motionless body was on the top of the lift.

"Four stories. He wouldn't have half a chance."

"Poor beggar."

"Better call a doctor."

"Jim, let those topcats know, too. Better call the station."

When the police told her about the accident she seemed surprised, but showed no sign of emotion. She stood very rigid.

"Of course, Mrs. Hendricks, your husband would have had no reason to take his own life."

"None whatsoever."

"I'm sorry."

"Thank you."

"Is there anything we can do?"

"No. I shall be all right. I would just like to be alone, if you don't mind."

She did not tell them that, earlier in the evening, when she had walked, bare-footed, to the kitchen, she had seen her husband adulterating her milk, of how she had stepped back into the hallway without him seeing her. She did not tell them that at twelve o'clock she had watched the cat die within a few minutes of drinking it.

As she closed the door she drew the small revolver from her pocket. She would not have to use it, now.

AS TIME GOES BY

When my love first blomed
for Ermintrude
I'd catch her in my arms,
I'd greet her each appearance
With bows and ring
saloons.

No more I catch her in my
arms—
For that is rough on
society.

Yet that I would at least
prefer
To catching her in my
peckers.

—D.K.L.

"Be still," I said, "let me think," but the best of my brain would not let me think and it was not still.

"The circus is here," she said. My voice was jumpy.

"Circus? What circus?"

"The circus I work in," she said, "we work in," she said.

"Now look," I said, "maybe I was a little puffed up last night, maybe I want to be the circus in Dorwent with a lot of fellows late in the night, but..."

Then it started to hit me. Baby, then it was I started to remember. The circus. The fellows at the shindy and me and the fellows leaving the shindy to go to the circus and we were pretty high about that time.

I remembered we got to the circus some time after interval. Yes, I remembered that far.

"You said I was the Eighth Wonder of the World," she said.

"I said that? I was only kidding."

"No," she said, "you stood up in the front row and you walked across the ring where I was doing

my act and you told me that. You told everybody that. You shouted it out loud and you held my arm up high and you kissed me," she said.

"I was drunk."

"No," she said, "you were very drunk."

"Drove?"

"Yes, the way you took that was strange. I was using as a target and threw it away. And the way you called out. My life is yours, Bella, my Darling. Away with dummies. Threw 'em at me, Bella." Yes, you were drunk.

I felt the back of my neck go cold, and the coldness slid down my spine because I was beginning to remember a bit more. Oh, Baby, I tell you, it was horrible.

"Did you throw them?" I asked her.

"Yes," she said, "all my life I have wanted to throw them at somebody instead of that dummy. I knew I could do it, but nobody ever trusted me. Until you came along."

"Throw what?"

"The knives," she said.

I sat down on the bed. There was a very terrible feeling in my stomach.

"You remember," she said, "I'm the knife thrower at the circus. We're going to be a wonderful act."

Oh, Baby, I wanted to leave that town. Fast. I did. Fast.

It took me a long time to get over that one, Baby. I swore I would never look at a bottle again. But I did.

You always do. Seems it's like death. It gets you in the end.

Then there were the other times.

The railroad I met in a poker game over at Florida's and the wide wench who tipped her bimbo down straight in a little upcountry town by the coast and a blonde named Sissy Something. She was the best of them, that blonde. I could tell you plenty about her. Boy, the things I and about her hair.

When I was sober I knew that she was a blonde for just so long as the perfume lasted and her hair was not like sunlight at all. It was like the inside of an old potato. But when I was lucky it was better sunlight and beautiful, and I told her so with a smooth, romantic line of talk. I nearly married that one.

But there's another thing, Baby. When I got like that, sometimes, I got literary. It's my past coming out in me. Like for instance the girl who worked on a train during the wartime and I met her on this train coming back from some place, I forget where, and she wouldn't take my money.

"No," she said, "I like you. I couldn't take it from you."

And that got me in.

"You know," she said, "you have a most intelligent face—that is, it would be intelligent I think you must have read a lot, before you started out on this, eh?" she said.

"I had a classical education," I said.

Baby, then I started in on her. Told her about D. H. Lawrence, Runyon, Huxley and all the rest of them, and by the way she listened, I think she liked being told the way her eyes were asking the eternal question of women, never answered. Something like that. But everyone on the train got a free

ride that night. Some ride, too.

The next week, Baby, I saw her, and she was a big girl and I guess she was a good conductor.

But why am I telling you all these things?

You don't understand, do you? No, you don't understand. You think it's beyond me to fall in love, really and deep down, don't you? You think I can't love anything but the fire inside a bottle, don't you?

Baby, I love you so much. I love the screwy way you smile. It reminds me of the sun coming up very early and I will do anything for you. I am sick in the heart of the other kind of women, of all other women. You must believe that. You must make something of me.

See, Baby, when you look at me like that I spin around in the chest and it's so beautiful. Keep on looking at me like that.

No one has ever looked at me the way you're looking at me. Gosh, those eyes of yours. They're blue, and big. You know the Blue Mountains, up above the thin pebbled water of the Nepean, Baby. They're as big as those mountains. Where did you get such lovely eyes?

Baby, oh, Baby, will you marry me? I know I'm not much. I know I haven't got any thousands in the bank, but we could rent a little place maybe with those silly pink flowerpots in the window... Baby will you?

Gosh, the way your hair drops over your forehead when you nod your head like that. You will?

Oh, Baby.

Let's finish this gin and get outa here.

HUNTER OF DRAGONFLIES



The old man remembered the boy who was now a soldier-boss.

DARCY NILAND

TENG CHING-WEI, in the sad method of age, went a little way past the truck, and stepped to bring the air into his lungs. He was in pain. The stick helped him to get along. He looked at the truck each marked with a great red cross, he saw the tents and the men lying about, men with bandages on them, and like dogs, panting in the shade, the first at them.

He went up to the door of the hospital, and a tall shadow fell

straight on him, arched like a tree that has long grown against the wind. Four other shadows fell and cooled him. He looked at all the faces, and they looked at his face, broken in wrinkles. They saw the scow up mouth, and the diamond-shaped eyes glazed with grape-blue.

"Yes, old man?"
"I have come to see Teng Tien-shang. He is here?"
"We will have to see."
"They told me," said the old man. "A friend. By chance, it was."

"Are you a relative?"
"His grandfather."
"Wait here."
The old man sat down. The men said: "You will know soon."

They were young fellows. There was a hard bitterness in their eyes, a determined ruthlessness. But they laughed and chatted as they looked at Teng Ching-wei. They did it from good nature, from gladness, for they remembered age. It was just because they could see



FICTION

an nervousness, his eagerness, the little ways he showed his expected delight.

The old man thought of the boy, his grand-son.

He thought of him in the garden, chasing after the dragon-flies. He could see the flitting hint of the rainbow in their wings as they darted out beyond the low wall that hemmed the boy in. The boy only turned away, laughing in the mist of life and play. He sat down now, a hot flush in his face, the color of a pear, and panted. His eyes shone. The old man thought of how they talked, while the fountain chattered and birds sang and fluttered in the leaning branches.

"How long will it take to grow a white head like yours, grand-father?"

"Seventy years it will take you, Teng Tien-shang."

"And can I have no hair on my head soon?"

"That is for wisdom and nature to decide, my son."

"I wish I was more than ten."

"You will be. You will be."

Then, with a loud cry, he was off again after the darting dragonfly.

The orderly came back.

"Yes," he said. "He is here, old man, but you cannot see him."

"I must I must."

"He is being operated upon soon. You must wait."

"I will wait," said Teng Ching-wei.

A young Chinese at a cigarette, wiped the sweat away from under his cap.

"A good soldier, Tien-shang," he said. "He fought greatly last night. The life of an officer is owed to him. He fought bravely."

The old man made no answer.

The soldier drew on his cigarette. He turned to a comrade, who sat down there. The comrade said: "You know that fellow, Teng Tien-shang, do you?"

"We have fought together now a good while."

"They tell me he once had great riches."

"He was the son of a merchant." The man blew out the smoke. "Yes, they were well off. They lived in the best part of the city, Tien-shang said. When the Japanese went in there and took that city, they shamed the wife, Tien-shang's mother, and killed her. They killed his father. That is his grandfather there. He knows, eh, old man?"

The old man looked in the dust and said nothing.

"What did Tien-shang do?" asked the comrade.

"What could he do? He grew up under the oppression. Then he helped the partisans at fourteen. At seventeen he was among us, having escaped."

"He's been through it?"

"Yes. He has tramped in blood. He has known the horror and ter-

ror like all of us. I suppose he would be a merchant now, like his father, only for the war."

"And I suppose," said the comrade, "I suppose the old man there hasn't seen his grandson for eight or nine years now?"

The answer was obvious. Yes, eight years now since he had seen the boy, but his memory was vivid. He saw him, there at his favorite pasture, chasing the dragon-fly. He saw him blowing on the lip of a bottle, and the bottle whistling; his mother laughing at him, her earrings bobbing like little green cormorants; he remembered how he laughed when his father caught him in his arms and playfully tickled his ribs.

The old man saw the orderly come out again, and he went up to him.

"Can I see Teng Tien-shang now?"

"Tien-shang cannot see you, old man."

"Where is he?"

"They will fetch him out in a moment."

Two men brought the figure out on a stretcher. Old Teng stopped there. He lifted the blanket from the face. What he saw was a stranger, a face that belonged to a thousand other soldiers he had seen. His lips trembled. He stared, while disappointment surged and beat in him, looking for dark red lips and eyes shining like black water.

The old man's hands shook. He put the blanket back gently, and said nothing.

A man said, "You are his grandfather. He has no one else. Are there any words you would like on his grave?"

Teng Chang-wei only stared. "Say. Here lies a true soldier."

"Or. He died that we might live," said another.

"He knew blood and guts," put in a third. "What about? He killed hundreds of the scum?"

"Well, what shall it be, old man?"

Teng did not answer, only stared and nodded his head in a dazed, feeble way. In a little while he heard no voices, saw no shadows, and looked up in a startled awareness. He saw the soldiers a good way off, and he went slowly towards them.

They had merely finished their task, and he waited until they had gone. Then he stood before the rough board headstone, and, because he did not know the man he had seen, but only remembered a boy in a golden, he scratched on the mound with his stick the characters: Where is he today— that brave hunter of dragon-flies?



Chivalry - HA HA!



You meet pretty little Mrs. Brown in town doing a spot of window shopping . . . she asks your opinion of something in the window. You are seen by Mrs. Smith whom . . .



You meet ten minutes later and pick up some parcels she has had the misfortune to drop . . . across the road Mrs. Wilson takes not a little notice . . .

Until you meet her on the way to luncheon . . . being the perfect gentlemen you invite her to eat with you, quite ignorant of the fact that pretty little Mrs. Hall is with Mrs. Jackson just two tables away . . .



On the way back to the office you run into Mrs. Thompson who happens to work in the next block, just as Mrs. Barnes happens to come out of a store after doing her shopping . . .

CANADIAN, 1947



All next day there has been many phone calls and rushing back and forth among your neighbors and when you arrive home you can't understand why you are in the dog-house.



And wonder why all the husbands in your district are after your blood!

MEDICINE ON THE MARCH



ACUTE alcoholics, treated with insulin, can be lured away from drink twice as fast and with greater ease and comfort than by the usual method of gradually withdrawing alcohol from the diet.

A report issued by Dr. Eero G. Vessal and Dr. R. Hall of the King Sanatorium and Hospital in Arlington, Mass., U.S.A., states that small doses of insulin were given two or three times daily before meals to 45 patients whose "lost weekends" varied from two days to three months. The patients, 29 of whom were men and 14 women, were forced to drink plenty of fruit juices, in a diet of high-calorie and high vitamin foods.

Of the patients, 46 per cent required no alcohol after receiving insulin, while in a group of 564 patients who were not given insulin, only 14 per cent could give up whiskey at once.

VIRUS diseases such as (Polio) infantile paralysis and sleeping sickness may be treated in the future with thyroid gland extract, if recent experiments prove successful. Both of these diseases occur in warm weather when natural secre-

tion of the thyroid gland is lowest.

Experiments on mice by Dr. Frank Mahman of the University of Tennessee, U.S.A., show that young mice treated with thyroid had much greater resistance to polo than untreated mice.

Polio was also tolerated much better when the animals were acclimated to cold weather, which stimulates natural secretion.

TOMATOES may play a part in adding to health through production of an antigen remedy. Scientists Thomas D. Fortune, George W. Ivers Jr., and S. P. Doolittle, of the U.S. Department of Agriculture have isolated from the tomato plant a new antibiotic, or material of the penicillin class which they call tomatin. In test tube experiments it has marked activity against germs of both the gram positive and gram negative groups. It is also particularly active against some of the fungi that cause disease in plants and may have widespread results in agriculture.

In laboratory tests toman has shown the ability to destroy the fungi that cause athlete's foot and ringworm.

HEADACHES THAT SPEAK OF



ASHLEY DANN

What do you know about headaches?
They're nature's danger warnings.

THE young man suffered agonizing headaches. He was also spendthrift and had misappropriated some of his employer's cash. Then his financial position was a headache, literally, though it took an astute doctor to discover the connection.

Whenever the young man was in debt or grave want or about to lose his home or his job, he suffered excruciating headaches. Invariably his parents came to his help, for they excused his financial lapses on the ground of ill-health. They had formed the habit when he was a boy, blaming his school troubles and examination failures on his headaches. Consequently his headache became a convenient means of escaping the consequences of folly and of avoiding unpleasant reality.

The young man did not, however, realize how he was trading on it. Nor did he realize that his headache was solely the product of his own imagination.

The doctor had to convince him that his headaches had absolutely no organic cause, but were wholly

mental in origin. He had also to convince the parents that they should not come to their son's financial rescue but cease encouraging his laziness. And the doctor had to persuade the young man that he must get a grip on himself, since the cure for his headaches was in his own hands (or mind).

It is not to be supposed that psychic headaches are simply imaginary. The pain is real enough, often excruciatingly so, though it originates in the mind and not the body.

"This headache is killing me, doctor," a patient often says. Actually it is quite unlikely that a headache has ever killed anybody, but what causes the headache may be capable of causing death.

Headache is not in itself a disease; it is a symptom. It is a danger signal, signifying that something is wrong somewhere. Something needs attention; it might be small, or it might be as important as life or death. But the warning of persistent headache should never be neglected; it should be treated as urgent until investigation shows otherwise.

Headache may signal that a tight shoe needs attention or that eyes need spectacles. Or it may point to constipation, infected teeth or even its cause may be worry or nervous tension—or it may be the symptom of a diseased kidney or of a tumor pressing on the brain.

The late great brain surgeon Harvey Cushing, in America, did some interesting exploration. Because the brain itself is insensitive to pain much surgery can be done on the skull while employing local anesthetics, so that Cushing was able to question persons on his operating table. He discovered that by pressing lightly on arteries and certain areas of the brain he could cause headache.

Artificial headaches have been caused by the injection of a substance called histamine. This process can either check the patient's description of his headache or show that he suffers from some other type of headache.

Some medical authorities have classified headaches in 30 different kinds. They also list 204 causes of headaches.

The six principal types of headache are:

- **Migraine.** Generally recognized as the severest form of headache, this is sometimes inadequately called the "ink headache." It is also known as the one-eyed headache, because the pain grips one side of the head, over one eye (mostly the right eye).

The pain throbs unmercifully. It brings nausea and vomiting is common. Agonizing migraine headache may persist for hours or for days; it may occur once in several months, or as often as once a day.

With this type, the sufferer who is about to be overtaken by an attack perceives preliminary warnings. His vision is upset, so that he notices dancing lights and distort or geometric patterns flash before his eyes. Then the intolerable pain descends on his head.

Temporary relief can be given in some out of 10 cases by ergotamine tartrate, one of the derivatives of ergot—a drug obtained from a fungus that grows on rye grain. This drug strongly constricts many of the body's blood vessels and swiftly relieves the throbbing head by constricting the brain arteries. Wana, because of vomiting, it cannot be absorbed in tablet form, ergotamine succinate can be administered by intramuscular injection.

Unfortunately, however, this drug cannot be taken by sufferers from high blood pressure, because it raises the blood pressure.

Migraine is the classical headache, wretchedly known to many of the great names in history. The climatic cause of this mysterious malady is still not known. Nevertheless, certain types of people are more prone to it than others and it seems to run in families. Migraine has been traced through five generations. It affects highly-conscientious, highly strung and particularly forceful people. Yet doctors have brought about many cures (as distinct from ergotamine tartrate's temporary relief).

This requires exhaustive investigation of the patient, migraine has sometimes been traced to a food allergy. Cures have been effected with vitamin B1, by nourishing the thyroid gland, by insulin—even by a single injection of cocaine.

This headache usually comes on with amazing regularity (usually at the same hour of night) but less only from half an hour to an hour. Aspirin and eucalypt have no effect, but salicylic acid gives relief.

Apart from detecting an allergy, a lasting cure was devised 10 years ago, increasing injections of histamine over a period of several weeks to build up immunity.

Digressive headache, not nearly so severe, but distracting. It is felt across the forehead, above the eye and usually flows down towards the back of the neck.

This results from over-eating, from missing a meal, or from constipation. The "hangover" headache, from alcohol, sometimes belongs to this class and sometimes to the histamine type.

Eye headache. This is the "sun blind" headache, with pain clamped tight about the temples or across the front of the head.

The cause may be eye-strain, excessive fatigue or some deeper optical fault. Office workers and students sweating life are its frequent victims.

Aspirin or an early night's sleep alleviate the pain, but lasting relief requires spectacles or possibly a course of corrective eye exercises.

Sinus headache. The ache, severe enough but not throbbing, occurs at the frontal bone and frequently on the top of the head; and at the inner end of the eyebrows, near the sinuses.

Epinephrine and bicarbolic alay the pain. But since the cause is congestion in the sinus cavities behind the nose, lasting relief depends on treating the sinus trouble

by drawing the sinuses, by injections, by diet or by operating.

Psychic headache. Worry, jealousy, anguish, anger, dis-appointment are the emotional causes of the headache that has its origin in the mind, not the body. Massage, headache powders and sleeping draughts may temporarily banish the pain. But since it is brought about by yourself, it must be self-cured, the sufferer may need a psychiatrist as well as a doctor.

Though psychic headaches are genuine enough, they are difficult to diagnose because the physician must first rule out all possible physiological causes and allergies. When the cause of the headache is shown to originate within the mind, psychiatric treatment frequently puts forward a swift cure.

Another test is to give headache powders for several days, and then to substitute some ineffective powder that looks the same. If the patient again reports relief, the assumption is that his headache was psychological.

Even though much remains to be learned, medicine today, with patient perseverance, can likely find a cure for the headache sufferer nine times out of 10. The headache is nature's danger signal: it may warn of something trivial or something urgent, but it should not be neglected.

Histamine headache. This appears to be produced by certain allergic and in several respects it resembles migraine. Though very severe, there is no vomiting, nor is there an inherited tendency to this type of headache as there is with migraine.



"Tonight's the last time I prefer to live!"



The Ambling Alp, knocked out of boxing, shuffles back as a wrestler.

BILL DELANY

Carnera's COMEBACK

"DA PRIEM" was through—as finished as any fighter could be and remain alive.

It was in July, 1934, and the big Italian lay in the New York Poly-clinic Hospital. With battered face and dull eyes, his mind was still dazed by the shocking he had received the night before at the hands of clownish Maxie Baer—Maxie, the bar-room huckster, the night-club dilettante, the Good-Time Charlie of boxing—but Maxie, the world's heavyweight boxing champion.

The night before, "Da Priem" had been *jessewee*—even if he were the man universally recognized as the worst world's champion in the history of boxing. Now he was a dazed hulk through whose limited beam an one recurrent thought.

His defeat by Baer meant the end of a career during which he'd been more often jeered than cheered. Presented to fight first as a replacement of Nature rather than a boxer, the "Don Mountain" had been rebuked to appear even more awkward than he normally was—and he had obviously never been intended for ballet work. As

a result, he had become more bumble-footed, more slow-thinking, than ever.

He had been billed as the "Ambling Alp" and pushed into the ring to tower over his opponents, to bring oars from the crowd—sons that do not usually accompany first class boxing matches but are more often reserved for circus performances—gales of laughter that swept up each time a smaller opponent reached up hopefully for "Da Priem's" chin.

His ascent to the heavyweight throne, and patrona, had brought boxing to a low level not reached since men fought under Queens-bury Rules.

His, of all boxing careers, was the most pathetic. Laughed at in the ring, outside it he walked alone; hesitant to speak because his broken English provoked winks, a shaming gaze when even fighter-worshipping newboys regarded with amusement.

That night before he lay in hospital, 50,000 spectators, taken by the primal urge to see blood spilt, had watched the 50lb-lighter Bear beat Carnera into mental and fatal oblivion; had seen Maxie,

swelling, leap from his corner in the first round and smash the Italian to the floor, had laughed as Primo rose and bemoaned as fast as his wobbling legs could take him.

Gone, for the first three rounds were Maxie's nightclubs clown's antics. Then, with victory assured, he had played with the guest, allowing Carnera's punches to land on his chest, his head, and even his chin "Da Priem" forgot, then, all he had been taught. Urged by sheer self-preservation, he reached for the nearest object. It was Baer, and three times he pulled the boxing clown-turned-killer to the floor with him.

In the tenth, Baer rushed in from the gang to land a terrific right that knocked Carnera, sprawling like a top, across the ring. In the next the Italian pulled himself up off the floor for the twelfth time during the bout, and the contest was stopped.

A new king reigned—and the old king lay in a hospital bed. His thoughts were his own, but they could not be less than bitter. He had made money during his career, but these were many to help him spend it, and it was said he had lined more sharpshooters' pockets than any other current fighter. In a business where galleons are sold rather less parsimoniously than sheer dishonesty, he was far gone for one and all.

His first title bout had brought him a comparatively meagre £4,000 but he had defended his championship twice, and for his last 11 rounds of bloody boxing he had been paid £30,000. He had lost most of his money and the punch

that had finally scattered his wife had also banished his friends. And to those people who did visit him: in hospital, he spoke the words that kept recurring in his brain.

"Primo no finished. Soon Primo get well and be once more the champ."

There was no laughter in the eyes of those who heard him, for they recognized the words as the worn song of every punch-drunk has-been since the days of James Figg. And so Primo Carnera, the Ambling Alp, went into limbo.

When war came he was back in his native Italy.

He was serving with the Italian Armed Forces, he had refused to take up arms; he was in good, after the Italian peace, he was a collaborator with the Germans, he was a partisan, he had killed, with one punch, a German who had insulted his wife—these were the things you heard about Primo Carnera when the world was at war. Which of them were true was never told, but you can be fairly sure that the peasant-minded champion was doing the things that represented the last of least resistance.

But in August last he proved he was, at least, still alive, for he arrived in the United States declaring his intention of becoming the only man ever to gain the boxing and wrestling heavyweight championships of the world.

His reception was frigid. At first the California Athletic Commission refused to grant him permission to wrestle, charging him with being an undesirable alien, but in August he made his first appearance as a wrestler in America and

beat a grout-groat-and-groutier named O'Toole in less than 15 minutes.

"Da Preme" fitted easily into the wrestling picture, for it is essentially a profession where showmanship is of greater importance than athletic skill.

For contemporaries he had the original "Angel," a 20st grappler whose X-rays show that his bones are more than twice the size of the average wrestler; who, it was claimed, possessed the largest and thickest head in the world—a head so large, in fact, that it cannot be X-rayed on standard-sized film, whose manager, in simple pride, has stated he is "the strongest and size" oogley man in d'woot. "It can feel anybody not a boog of 'is arena."

In his match against O'Toole the Italian giant pulled a "house" of 10,000 and thousands were turned away. The crowd, drawn by the novelty of seeing again the dreaded Primo, paid £4,000 to watch, and wrestling promoters—whose efforts to entice cash-customers had previously included such attractions as mud-bath grappling, woman versus woman, and man versus bear contests—knew that they had hit the jackpot.

As a final tribute to the pulling power of "Da Preme," it was said that well-known sporting writers turned up to watch the event—a thing that hadn't happened since the golden days of wrestling.

Surprisingly—or perhaps not, for the very characteristics that had brought Primo derision as a boxer served him well in the grout-and-groat business—Carnegie proved himself a competent wrestler with

a marked flair for showmanship. He knew his holds and the importance of leverage and overnight became the greatest wrestling sensation in a decade.

Performing about four times each week, his triumphant tour took him at last to New York, scene of his biggest boxing triumph—the city in which 15 years before, he had won a night apartment to job Jack Sharkey of the world's most prized boxing title.

An hour and a half before he was to enter the ring against Bobby Brown, the stadium was closed and 5,000 enthusiasts turned away; the "gate," £3,500, was a record for an arena which had struggled through the ups-and-downs of wrestling.

Carnegie, of course, won. In three months he wrestled 70-odd times and on each occasion promoters rubbed their eyes as they totted up the night's takings.

Carnegie's ambition is simple and defined: to take back to Italy with him, when his permit to remain in the U.S.A. expires, the round sum of £30,000. He is not over-optimistic in setting this target, for he works on a flat salary of about £500 weekly. But to earn this he wrestles four or five times. Good money, maybe—yet in the simple mind of Primo must sometimes occur the thought that he is again being a "sucker," for to promoters he is worth £500 every time he ducks under the ropes.

Four guineas weekly at, say, £3,000 each is £12,000 . . . £500 for "Da Preme" . . . why, perhaps, Primo, despite his unhappy experience with the species in the past, really does need a manager!



"Ten night at well shop telling, Ma'am. Mr. Walf left for work ten minutes ago!"



Pretty heavily who decided to break the rules—and died as a result.

CRAIG RICE

DEATH by DRINKING

YOU can't escape. Not from life. You can run away from a murderer, if you're quick enough. Or, if you are a murderer you can run away from the police and, with the very rarest good luck, you might get away from them. But you can't run away from life, and reality, and get very far.

The story of lovely young Vivian Simon was one of flight from life—from reality. It ended in a fumble attempt at a flight from her murderer.

It was a sunny Californian morning when the housekeeper of an exclusive private sanitarium went out to pick flowers for the dining table. The housekeeper strolled along the paths, basket in hand.

The paths led her toward the rear of the grounds, so where the shrubbery was even more dense. Suddenly she saw something that made her drop the flowers.

A moment later the superintendent of the sanitarium called the police. The body of a woman had been found on the grounds.

The superintendent led the way to the scene. Next it, she paused and pointed to the base of a tree.

The police officers pushed aside the bushes.

There was a body, all right, and there was no doubt that it was dead.

The murder had been a brutal one. The body was slashed. Black sweater sleeves covered the arms. Black slippers were on the tiny feet. What proved to be the victim's own underclothing was stuffed into her mouth. The rest of her clothing had been cut and torn from her body.

Just then the sanitarium superintendent gave a startled cry. "It's Vivian! Vivian Simon?"

Who was Vivian Simon? She had been a very lovely, delicate young woman, who had been at the sanitarium for a month to be treated for—alcoholism.

Escape from life. Escape from reality. But not escape from being murdered.

A bad check was made on all patients in the sanitarium at eleven thirty p.m. The night before Vivian Simon's body was found, she had been reported missing. But at supper time she had been alive.

She had occupied one of the nearest little cottages in the rear of the main building.

(Again and again in their investigation, the police ran into one word: "everybody liked Vivian Simon.")

In the high board fence behind the sanitarium, there was a loose end, like a goat.

Could Vivian Simon have gone off for a late evening walk, and been attacked by a ruthless killer who'd entered through the back door? There was no sign of struggle.

And there were strong traces of alcohol.

The officer in charge of the case wondered about that Vivian Simon had been in the sanitarium to be treated for alcoholism. Could someone have smuggled a bottle to her?

The manner of the crime, and the circumstances surrounding it, suggested a motive. But that wasn't it. She had not been attacked.

Vivian had never had visitors, save for her husband, who came to see her frequently. On his last visit he had taken her out to spend the evening, and had trouble persuading her to return. There had been a violent quarrel and someone, seeing it, had called the police.

The night nurse said at eight o'clock on the night of the murder her husband had called and demanded to speak to her. The nurse had explained that patients were not allowed to take calls on the office telephone.

They found Simon. And after Simon had recovered from the shock of being told that his adored

young wife had been brutally murdered, he told police about Vivian.

They had been married for about seven months. Vivian, and there the phrase was again, "everybody liked her"—had, admittedly been drinking too much. He'd hoped that the sanitarium would cure her.

His able was checked with his landlady, with waitresses, and with his next door neighbor.

Meanwhile, police at the scene of the crime had located a few important witnesses. The first was the dishwasher at the sanitarium, an attractive, dark-haired young man. He admitted he had helped Vivian Simon to leave the sanitarium grounds, and had a drink with her.

"I liked her." (There it is again!) "She wanted a drink and I showed her the hole in the fence."

"Did you kill her?"

"No! I liked her!"

The second witness was another patient at the sanitarium, an attractive dark-haired young woman. She said, "I liked Vivian. Sometimes we used to go through the hole in the fence and visit a few taverns. We had to do something to keep life from getting too dull."

She went on to tell how, the night of the murder, she, the handsome young dishwasher, and Vivian had slipped through the loose board in the fence. They'd visited a tavern near the sanitarium, but someone had tipped off the bartender that he was serving drinks to sanitarium patients, and he'd refused to serve them more. Then they'd gone to another bar—she and the young man—but Vivian had stayed behind as their last stop.

Why? Well, at first the three

of them had been in a booth. Then Vivian had met another man, and joined him at the bar. Later, the young woman patient and her escort had returned to pick up Vivian, but she and the stranger had disappeared.

Meantime, the police received another tip, this one from two women friends of Vivian Simon's. She'd always been a heavy drinker. Her present husband had tried to get her to break the vicious habit.

Present husband?

Yes, she'd been married before, to a French Canadian, who lived in Hollywood.

It didn't take the police long to locate him. Exactly two hours, as a matter of fact. He too was willing to talk—he had nothing to hide. He and lovely young Vivian Simon hadn't really been married, but they'd lived together for nearly three years. They'd finally parted because of her excessive drinking, but they'd remained friends and he and James Simon had become good friends.

"I still like her. Everybody loves Vivian."

But the French Canadian had a genuine alibi.

And how about the stranger Vivian had met at the bar?

The bartender added descriptive details. A guy in his twenties. Very tall. Thin. Tan trousers, a brown sports coat, no hat. He'd called a cab, when leaving the tavern with Vivian Simon.

He'd been seen before. He evidently had no car. And he picked up attractive women in taverns.

With that to go on, the police located a woman who'd had drinks with "Jim" at various neighbor-

hood bars. She named him as Jim Bullock.

"But I can't believe Jim Bullock is a suspect in a murder case. Why everybody liked Jim!"

With a good description of Jim Bullock, police began to cruise slowly near his home. Suddenly they spotted him, sitting on a porch. By the time the squad car stopped, he had vanished.

When he attempted to leave by the back door, they had him trapped. He willingly admitted his name.

At the Glendale police station he was confronted with a photograph, taken in the morgue, of Vivian Simon.

Yes, he'd met her. He'd bought her a drink or two. If he'd killed her, he didn't remember it. "Because I was drunk." He added, "I do remember hitting her."

He'd taken the lovely, lost Vivian Simon back to the station, helped her into the grounds through the loose board in the fence. He'd expected embraces—and when Vivian refused, he'd struck her, he admitted.

Why Vivian Simon's body was found clad only in black sweater sleeves and tiny black suede sandals, why her jaw had been broken, her lips bruised and bleeding; why she had been strangled with her own silk lingerie, remains a mystery Jim doesn't remember.

But people who knew her remember—"Everybody liked Vivian Simon—"

And others say, "It's too bad about Jim Bullock. Everybody liked Jim Bullock—"

You can't escape. Not from murder.



"What makes you think your new boy friend can lick me?"



Plan 1

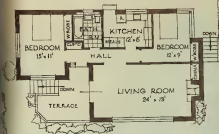
THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 30)

PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

Level with a slope from back to the street front appeals to quite a number of prospective home builders. There are some who like to see a house peering down into the ground—and there is much to be said for this—but the more appealing appearance of a house high above the footpath level also has its adherents.

CAVALCADE'S Plan No. 30 is intended for a site such as this. There is sufficient slope to accommodate the garage and laundry underneath, so that the high foundation walls necessary are not wasted. As it is not essential to leave a car drive at the side of the house, the building is built right across the lot, thus reducing its depth and also making for economy.

The house is small, and the onto of the ground floor is well within the 123 squares limit that applies in several States. The sketch on this page shows how it would look with a modern flat roof treatment. A more orthodox appearance is achieved by the treatment shown on the perspective sketch on page 68. The only difference in the plan for this metropolitan's is alternate positions for the windows in the principal bedroom.



MAIN FLOOR



LOWER FLOOR



Principal feature of the plan is the large living room, which serves as a two-purpose room—lounge-room and dining-room. There is also a meal nook in the kitchen for the less formal meals.

The living-room opens by double glass doors on the terrace which serves as a sun deck and open verandah, as well as the entrance porch. All rooms open off the small hall, to which the front door gives access.

Both bedrooms are fitted with built-in wardrobes, and there is a large linen and cloak cupboard in the hall. The kitchen is well fitted up and is convenient to the living room. The laundry, under the house alongside the garage, is large enough to serve as an ironing-room as well. It would be possible to fit up a soiled linen chute from the main bedroom direct to the laundry.

On the basis of £150 per square, this house could be built for about £2,100. The minimum width of land required for it is 55 feet.



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CAMOUFLAGE STORY

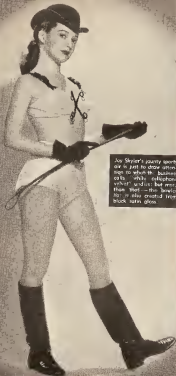
Girls WEAR Glass

These garments were made to demonstrate how comfortably—and with what versatility—a girl may dress in spun glass, and it's there was shot on in New York. Here Thana Bursley wears brody perfections as soft and comfortable as silk, and just as beautiful. Glass-spun fabric is soft to the skin, durable.

Photo by Edward Hirsch



This, like Thana Bursley's outfit, is doubly useful. Any girl might wear and wear this flut and occasion pleated brief skirt. Perfect under the skirt, too behind the flowers, an all-purpose design.



Joe Stryker's jaunty sporty air is just to draw attention to where the business calls. While telephone, which? and so; but more, than that—the lower leg is also treated from black latex gloss.



The Stryker expects to see girls adopt this fashion—the trunk-type, briefs and tennis-net line, top, for the court. The glass, spinnings will not be show that girls could give back more athletic style.



No serious suggestion that a girl will want to go out looking exactly like this, but it was an eye-catching demonstration that glass can be spun into fun as well as satin. All but the girl in glass.



Lucy Loken is not going to a fancy-dress ball; she is showing that black spun glass can provide the frilly touches so dear to female hearts: all slippers, socks and heels are glass, too, but not slippery.

gether surprised, you didn't need second sight to see the way things were going.

"Isn't the station paying its way?" he asked, deliberately misunderstanding. There were many things he had wanted to talk to her about—those worrying covert things that are not quite within a manager's jurisdiction, and yet are too much for a girl owner who is beautiful and twenty-seven, and schooled to a weak brother.

"It's paying, and you know it," Lucille snapped. This was hard for her.

"Well," he said, "I thought it was. Then why the change of management?"

"You should know, Ringer," she said, "that I won't have a manager who plays poker."

"What about bridge—or cards—or what?" he asked.

Lucille got up and tugged to the window. Over her shoulder she said, "I made an unfortunate choice of woods. I won't have a manager who gambles."

Ringer got up and walked over beside her.

"Do you happen to mean," he asked, "a manager who gambles with your brother?"

She swung towards him, her face averted.

"What my brother does is his business," she said. "Don't bring him into it."

"Perhaps what I do is mine?" he countered.

She bit her lip, looking at the floor.

"Look here," she said, "you know Jack's weakness as well as I do. As a partner in this station he is—well, he isn't—"

"He isn't any help to you," Ringer supplied, "is that it?"

The door of the office swung open on hinges that squeaked because Ringer had forgotten to oil them, and Jack Granger stood there.

"Ringer," he said in a voice that shook, "say that again."

Ringer looked up slowly, and his eyes went from Jack to Lucille and back again.

"I was talking to your sister," he said. "She's the working partner here—she hired me."

The threat infuriated the young man. He clenched his fists as he stepped forward.

"Ringer," he said, "I thought we were mates, until lately. But now you're fencing me at cards—and abusing me behind my back."

"One thing at a time," Ringer Jameison said quietly. "I'm fencing you at cards. Do you win the games when I'm not playing?"

Granger's lips parted, closed and parted again. He shot a quick glance from the manager to his sister and, "Yes," he said, "I do."

"You're lying and you know it," Ringer snapped. "Just as you were when you said I was abusing you behind your back. How did you know I was talking about you—were you listening at the door?"

Granger took a step into the room, his fists half raised, then got himself in hand.

"Jack," Lucille said quietly, "Mr. Jameison's leaving us, and that saves any trouble between you."

"He can't call me a liar and get away with it," Granger said.

"Maybe," Ringer Jameison answered, "but I can call you a liar and prove it!"

Lucille stepped between them.

"Go away, please, Jack," she said. "Ringer and I have some matters to check over."

Jack Granger turned and strode angrily out of the office. "You'd better check the accounts very carefully!" he shouted over his shoulder.

Lucille Granger sat down again. It was another cigarette.

"You'd best go quickly, Ringer," she said. "I'm—sorry about Jack, but after all, the situation is of your own making. If you didn't play cards with him—"

"Or do you mean," Ringer asked softly, "if I didn't win from him?"

Lucille swept the question aside. "Shall we say you will finish up by Friday?" she asked.

"And the new manager?" he asked in answer.

"I shall have to find one. I'll worry on until he comes."

"Alone?"

She raised her head. Her chin tilted a little, her lips pulled down at the corners. "My brother isn't quite useless, Ringer," she said. "He'll help me out."

She ground out the cigarette she was smoking and stood up. "No ill feelings, I hope?" she asked, and held out her hand.

"I'm sorry for you, Miss Granger, but there aren't any ill feelings," Ringer said, and took the hand.

He wanted to draw her into his arms, and kiss her, and speak his mind. But he did not. He watched her go, out of the office, across the open yard, and he watched her until the men's quarters hid her from view.

He glanced at the calendar. Tuesday—three days to get out—sacked

by a woman! Ringer Jameison grinned bitterly, and started to fill his pipe.

It was, the manager reflected, a basic error to try and work for a woman—especially a woman who was protecting a weak brother. He knew, just as everybody else knew, that Lucille, beautiful as she was, would never marry for the very reason she had not married already—that the station, and Jack, were all her life. He didn't blame her for being angry because he played cards with Jack.

He went to the old-fashioned steel safe and took out a little tin card-box. Putting it on the desk he strode across the office and locked the door. Then, sitting down before the box, he pulled out parcels wrapped in newspaper and undid them.

Each parcel contained a roll of notes, held fast by an elastic band, and on each roll was a small slip of yellow paper containing a pencilled list. Ringer went through them carefully. He undid a roll, and checked the total with the marked paper, a paper headed, "Winnings at Poker from J. Granger."

Each little bundle he checked carefully. Then Ringer pulled out a pad and, writing a new heading, copied in full the entries from all his little yellow lists.

As Ringer Jameison worked, fragments of past poker games floated before his eyes: nights in the smoky back parlor of the "Dog and Tuckertox" where the play went on under the yellow light of kerosene lamps until only a few months ago Regina, who owned the hotel, had put in his own electrical plant.

It wasn't simply bad luck, Ringer reflected, it was bad play, sometimes bad play, on the part of Jack Granger. And Jack was not the only loser in that school, not by a long way, but he was the worst player, the most logical loser—and the most bad-tempered.

Ringer remembered Sped Martin saying once, "Why, if you didn't know Granger owned half a station, you'd think he was desperate for dough, the way he bets."

As Ringer remembered his pen stopped writing, he sat and stared at the lat before him. Two hundred and seventeen pounds in one night! Even the wealthy Grangers couldn't afford that!

Ringer ran his eye over the columns of figures and set to work again. He guessed he was a fool—a special kind of qualified kind of fool, to be doing this the way he was. But as he saw it, there wasn't anything else to do, not feeling the way he did about Lucille.

He completed his list and finally checked the money back into the box, locked it, and returned it to the safe. The duplicate list he folded into his pocket wallet. Then he went outside, lighting a pipe of new tobacco.

Over at the station house he saw the sunlight glinting off a big car, and on the verandah Jack and Lucille were standing talking to a strange man. Lucille called him over.

"Mr. Jamieson," she said coldly, "this is Mr. Howell. He is going to make the customary audit of station accounts, as there is to be a change. Just to get things certified for the new man, whoever he might be."

Ringer drew a breath and held out his hand to Howell. "How do you do?" he asked formally. "I'm sure I'll give you every help. I don't know how you fellows stick your jobs, pretty tedious, eh?" He was thinking, how swift this visit was—it could only mean every thing had been planned in advance. He had not been given notice until the auditor arrived!

"Not when we are so well received," Howell said amiably. "I'm sure everything will be in order."

"And right you are," Ringer assured him. "Come to the office when you're ready, and I'll give you the drill. You can have a quiet afternoon to sort things out—I've a call to make in town about some harness repairs, and feed and so on—usual chores."

"Couldn't you phone the orders and stick around with Howell?" Jack Granger asked.

"I can't bring two mended saddles back on the phone," Ringer told him.

"I'm going in—I'll bring them out for you," Jack said.

"If you like," Ringer Jamieson answered, "but I wouldn't ask you to buy me two new shirts." He laughed.

"I'm sure I shan't need Mr. Jamieson," Howell said.

"If you've got a few minutes," Ringer invited, "I'll give you the keys and show you your way around—or do you know?"

"I'm a new auditor—never been here before," Howell said. "I'll come with you now."

"See you for dinner, Mr. Howell," Lucille said, and with a wave dismissed them both.

It was Jack Granger who called out, "Ringer!" The manager turned round. "Yes?"

"Are you going to town this afternoon?"

"Sure."

"So in I'll take you in the car if you like."

"Sure me," Ringer called back. Actually he would much rather have ridden in, but after the bitterness of the morning it would be as well not to show anything that might look like hard feelings.

"You know," Granger said as they drove slowly along the rutted clay road, "I'm sorry about this morning, Ringer."

"No hard feelings," Jamieson answered.

"No—no hard feelings," Granger quickly agreed, "but you know Lucille upsets me. I—well, I guess I made a mistake this morning. I thought you and she were talking about me. I had no idea she was —" He broke off awkwardly.

"Sacking me," Ringer said smoothly.

"Aw, well, it's hardly that, is it?" Granger asked. "You're getting out of your own hat, aren't you?"

Ringer's mind spun quickly. He knew when his thoughts were being fished, and he knew that Granger wanted to know things that Lucille wouldn't tell.

"No," he said, "I'd have stayed forever, Jack. It's—well, there isn't any disgrace in getting the sack, is there?"

"Do you stick to that?" Jack asked.

"Sure—why?"

"Oh," Granger answered as he swerved around a large hole in the road, "I thought you probably had

enough dough to start a business of some sort, and were just making the break."

"Wrong as you could be," Ringer said. "I'm leaving to work for some other guy—and I can get a new job without a reference from my last one."

"Oh, you'll get a reference all right. I told Lucille that I insisted on that," Granger said.

Ringer smiled. There were just one or two points in the conversation that he relished, and this was one of them—this painful pretence of Jack's that he told his sister what to do—and this pitiful weakness of Jack's in pretending that Ringer was leaving of his own will. All because Jack could never have the strength to look a man in the face and say, "You're sacked." No, Jack wouldn't have the backbone to do that—he left the dirty work to Lucille.

Ringer pulled himself out of his thoughts as the car spun into the long main street, and dropped off at the general store.

"What time are you going back?"

"Not till late, I think," Jack said.

"Pick me up at the pub after you've finished. Good enough?"

Ringer cursed himself for a fool—after everything, to let himself in for being seen with Jack at the pub. He'd have to watch himself, he thought. Then he shrugged. It didn't really matter, now.

Sergeant Riley was standing on the corner, and Ringer greeted him with a wave.

Riley beckoned him across. "What's this about you getting out of the Grangers?" he asked.

"How did you know?" Ringer asked.

"Oh, Jack asked me if I knew a good manager. Made your little heap and getting out to start on your own somewhere, I suppose?" Riley continued. "Well, good luck to you."

Ringer's eyebrows shot up. "You've got funny ideas about how much a station manager gets paid," he said. "I shan't have a plate of my own—I'll be looking for another job."

"But you've been pretty lucky at cards, I hear," Riley said.

"Not that lucky, by a long way," Ringer said. "See you later."

He did not hurry down to the saddle. He turned into a pretty little teashop that lived off commercial travellers and passing motorists, and sat down at the table. He waited a few quiet minutes to ease out some disturbing thoughts.

The girl who brought the tea was very pleasant, and Ringer had seen her at local dances, but he gave her an absent-minded greeting, and let the tea get cold while he let the steam of his empty pipe and thought.

It was strange enough that Jack Granger, in the car, had mentioned Ringer staring for himself—and only a few minutes later Riley had given expression to the same thought. Or was it strange?

Ringer could see something there which was natural enough from young Granger—the story would go round that he had won enough from Jack at cards to start for himself, and had cleared out. For a moment Ringer didn't see that it was anything to worry about. He probably wasn't the only man who had started a business on his gambling wins. At the same time, he

didn't like it—and what was more, he began to wonder what else had been said. Perhaps Granger had something else to say? Something he hadn't told Ringer? It seemed fairly obvious that Ringer's seeking had been planned in advance—even Riley, the policeman, must have been told before Ringer himself knew.

He came back to his immediate surroundings as the bell on the counter clanged and the pleasant girl hurried through the shop. Thus disturbed Ringer drank his half-cold tea and got out into the sunshine, and he was no better for his quiet few minutes. Certainly he had thought things over, but he was more puzzled now than he had been before.

Ringer collected the saddles and put them in the back of the Granger car. He bought his two new shirts, and he went into the bank and asked for a statement of his account. He folded them into his wallet alongside the fat he had



written out that morning, and made his way slowly along to the pub.

The bar of the "Dog and Tudor" was empty, and Regan's fair-haired blonde daughter was leaning heavily on the cash-register.

"Hello, Ringer," she greeted "Leaving us?" She knew the story.

"Sure," he said lightly. "I've had this dump."

"It's been good to you," she said. "What'll you have?"

"Are you offering me a keep-sake, Kathie?" Ringer asked. He

The right hand, open, dove up into Hewell's face . . . his head snapped back.



had to give an impression of being unworried.

"I can not," she retorted. "I'm offering you a drink—if you have any money."

Ringer bought a beer. "I'd better drink it slowly," he said. "I've got to wait for Mr. Granger."

"He's out the back in the parlor," Kathie said.

Ringer jerked his head up from the glass. "Out there, is he?" Why didn't you say so?"

Kathie slid down from the cash-register and came over and leaned against the bar. She reached out and caught Ringer's sleeve.

"Now look here, Mr. Ringer Jamison," she said quietly, "please don't you go causing any trouble here, will you?"

Ringer put his glass down quickly. "Trouble?" he asked. His eyebrows slanted in interrogation. "You won't have any trouble, Kathie. What made you say that?"

She took her hand away. "Well, knowing how things are," she said, "you making your money out of gambling with Mr. Granger, and then clearing out and leaving them in a lurch and not giving them proper notice or anything—"

It was his turn to lean across the bar. He grabbed her hand and held it so firmly that she decided. "Who said that?" he demanded.

Kathie did not answer. "Did Granger tell you that?" She shook her head. "Nobody told me," she said. "Mr. Granger wouldn't talk to me like that."

"Then who told you—somebody must have."

Kathie said, "I heard him telling dad. Please don't say I said so, Ringer, or Jack—Mr. Granger, I mean, wouldn't—"

"Wouldn't?" Ringer asked, when she broke off.

But Kathie, caught off guard a moment, had got herself in hand, and pulled away the hand Ringer held, and climbed back on the stool behind the cash-register.

"You drink up your beer, Ringer," she said, "and don't pester me with questions."

He drained his glass.

"Another?" Kathie asked.

"No, I'm going through into the parlor," he said.

Kathie shrugged. "Oh, well," she said.

"Mr. Granger is waiting for me," he threw to her, and walked the length of the bar.

He opened the door and passed down the passage, past the office and kitchen, into the parlor. Jack Granger was there, so was Rigan and a couple more of the men who always played cards. Now, in the smoky light of the afternoon, they already had cards fanned in their hands.

"But early starting, aren't you?" Ringer asked.

"Nothing else to do," Red Preston said. "Sitting in."

In a minute, Ringer told them. He stood and watched.

Jack Granger won the hand, and looked up smiling.

"Knock out your pipe and come in while I'm winning, Ringer," he said.

"OK," Jamison knocked out the pipe, and sat down.

Granger dealt the cards, and won the hand.

They played along after that in silence. Preston won two hands, and Granger won another, and Ringer Jamison had his first win on their kings and a pair of jacks.

"Best hand this afternoon," Granger said.

The hands varied, the playing was solid and unexciting. Granger, although he had won several hands, was losing on the day. It

was when Ringer Jamison won four hands in a row that Granger looked up.

"I'll bet you couldn't do that again with your sleeves rolled up," he said with mock pleasantry.

Ringer raised his eyebrows. "Meaning?" he asked.

"Only a poker," Rigan said quickly. "Your deal, Preston."

Ringer took his coat off and hung it on the back of a chair. He rolled up his sleeves up.

"Strip poker, eh?" Granger said.

"Your idea," Ringer told him, and bought three. Granger bluffed on a pair of nines and a pair of jacks, and Ringer laid down a routine flush. "With my sleeves rolled up," he said. "Like me to do it no hands?"

Granger flushed and said, "If we were playing with your cards there'd be a fight."

Ringer let it pass. Preston won another hand, Rigan won two. Granger won one, and Ringer got three in a row. Jack Granger looked at the table and said, "I'll write you an I O U, Ringer."

Ringer said that was O.K. with him. "What about hitting the trail?" he asked laconically. "I want to see that Howell bloke."

"Frightened you'll outplay your luck?" Granger snapped.

"Here, none of that," Preston said, laid back.

They played on for an hour, and as the day began to darken, Rigan switched on the lights, and they played again.

"I don't want to break up this school," Ringer said, "but I've got things to do, and I'd like to go back." He asked his warnings together.

Granger looked over his cards. His face was sullen, his eyes dull. "I'm your boss," he said sulkily. "I give you the night off."

"Determined to keep me in, aren't you?" Ringer said. "Don't blame me when you lose."

Granger stared. "Don't you toss my losses back at me, you sharper!" he shouted. As he spoke he realized the implications of his words. "Sorry," he stammered, "I slipped out."

Ringer stood up, and threw his cards down on the table, and turned round in the back of the parlor. He saw two men sitting. They were strangers to him, he hadn't noticed them come in.

Jack Granger came across and nodded to them. "One of you likes a game?" he demanded. "Our partner's walking out on us."

"I'll be in it," one of them offered.

"Might get a bit of luck now," Granger said.

Ringer was at the door. He swivelled round. "What do you mean by that, Jack?" he asked.

"You ought to know."

Ringer walked back into the room. "I'd like you to tell the gentlemen that I play honestly," he said.

Granger looked at him sullenly. "You go to hell," he snarled.

Ringer's long arm shot out and grabbed Granger by the shoulder. "Tell them," he said, "that you were wrong—I'm not a sharper."

Then Granger swung.

His fist started to rise and quick as a flash Ringer's arm left the man's shoulder, grabbed the rising fist, and as he turned, Ringer flung Granger aside.

But Jack Granger, mad with rage, swung about and crashed his fist into the side of Jameison's head. Ringer staggered, and, quick to follow up his unfair advantage, Granger threw him a punch to the body, followed by a quick crack on the side of the jaw.

Ringer spun back across the room and steadied himself.

Regan and Preston jumped forward to grab Jack Granger, but he threw them off with a quick jerk and jumped in Ringer's bunched up fist took him in the chest, and it was like running into a tree trunk. He stopped with a jerk, tried to dodge the fist and came in again, arms whirling.

They clashed Ringer's foot caught an edge of the carpet and he lost balance and toppled. Granger fell with him, and rolled on top of him.

Somebody shouted, "Let him up!" But Granger sprawled upon him, punching him about the head until Regan pulled him off.

"Cut it out, Jack," Preston said. "You can finish it in the street," Regan said. "There's bad blood between you two, I know, and I don't want it spilt here. Now get out, both of you."

Granger opened the door and melted out into the passage. Ringer Jameison said, "I'd like to wait here awhile, Regan, I don't want a street fight with him."

"You've got no cause for complaint if he belts you blue," Regan retorted. "You've won enough from him to become independent, haven't you?"

Ringer said, "I've heard that you, Regan, I'd rather not discuss it."

Regan shrugged. "Dare say not," he said, "though it's no crime, you know. You don't force him to play."

Ringer Jameison came to a swift decision. "Can I have a quiet word with you in the office, Regan?" he asked, and when Regan hesitated a moment he added, "I'm not going to knock you out and rob the place."

Regan led the way out. "Come on," he said, fumbling for the key of the office. But he couldn't find the key. "Damn," he swore, "come in here."

He led Ringer into the little private sitting room, and sat him down. "Well?" he asked.

"Look," Ringer told him, "I don't know what's going on around here, but I've got a feeling I don't want to ask you anything," he hurried on, as Regan prepared to speak. "I just want to show you something."

He took out his wallet and extracted some papers, which he handed to the publican. He put on his glasses ponderously and, holding them out straight at arm's length, peered at them. Then he whistled softly.

He met Ringer Jameison's eyes with almost a smile. "Why didn't you ever say anything about this?" he asked.

"For the best reason in the world," Ringer said, "I just didn't want to. I didn't want to tell you now, only—" he paused, and groped for a word, "—only," he continued, "I just feel that it's time to tell someone. That's all."

"And what do you want me to do?" the publican asked.

"Just toss these into your safe,

will you?" Ringer folded the papers into his wallet and handed it to Regan.

"Hang on a minute while I get my key," Regan said. After a moment or two he came back with the key.

"Come and we'll put it in the safe in the office now," he said. "Though you can't lose anything by carrying it—it's no good to anybody."

"It's nice to have it looked after," Ringer evaded. "Now you can lend me a bicycle. I'm not getting home in the car with Jack."

So Regan lent him a bicycle.

Late as it was when Ringer arrived at the station, lights were blazing. Jack Granger had not passed him on the road, so Ringer was not surprised that his car was already there. He was surprised, however, that it was parked in front of the house with an oil-light still burning. He stared at once that something was amiss, and his first thought was for Lucille.

Ringer peddled over to the house and left the bicycle. He went up on to the veranda, in the beam of light that streamed from the open front door, and as he reached the threshold Jack Granger and another man came into the hallway together. Ringer was surprised to see Sergeant Riley, from the town, and they seemed equally surprised to see him, when Ringer stepped into the hall and said, "What's wrong here?"

"A good deal," Granger snapped, "if it has anything to do with you."

"I'm manager till Friday," Jack retorted him.

"You didn't seem keen to manage when you refused to come home

with me because you wanted to play poker," Granger said.

The accusation was so sudden that Ringer felt and showed very real surprise.

"Refused to come home with you?" he echoed.

"Yes, you did, you card crazy one, and don't deny it," Granger said. "Why did you change your mind and come back—Did you think, after all, that it would look like a confession of guilt if you ran away? Did you hope to bluff it out?"

Ringer looked from Granger's scorned features to the round smiling face of the publican.

"Stop talking in riddles," he said.

"There—that's it—bluff," shouted Granger angrily raising his voice. "But this isn't a poker game, Ringer Jameison, you can't bluff this out."

The publican said, "I don't think you'll do any good heading at anybody, Jack. Better come inside."

Jack walked into the lounge room, and Ringer stood aside for Riley. "Go ahead," he said.

"After you," Riley told him, and Ringer went in. Lucille and the audine Howell were sitting there, and Jack went over and stood beside them. Ringer looked from one to the other. To Lucille he said, "What's this all about, Lucille?"

"Miss Granger would prefer more formality," Howell said stiffly. "She is concerned, and quite naturally, I think, about her money."

Ringer frowned at his browns. "Her money?" he asked.

Lucille coughed. "Ringer," she said, "Mr. Howell has discovered

some—er, pretty extensive defalcations at the station books."

Ringer sought and met her eyes.

"Are you accusing me?" he asked.

Lucille looked away. "Well, it's a very serious matter, and large sums of money are involved," she said. "I'm afraid Mr. Howell takes a very business-like view of it—and Jack feels that it is a police matter."

"Is it?" Ringer asked. He addressed the question to Riley.

"If they like to give you in charge of it," he said.

"And—if I can clear myself?"

Ringer asked. Riley said nothing.

"Would I have an action for false arrest, for instance?" demanded Ringer.

"You could have," Riley said, "if you cleared yourself."

"And have you been asked to arrest me?" Ringer continued.

Riley was silent again. Howell said, "Aren't you making a lot of silly nonsense about this, Jamieson? The game's up."

"Mr. Jamieson," murmured Ringer.

"After all," Howell said, "I discovered the defalcations, and as I think I heard Mr. Granger say to you, you can't bluff this out like a game of poker."

"Then you are going to arrest me?" Ringer asked, looking round.

Lucille asked, "If you knew anything of this, Ringer, why did you come back?"

Jack began angrily to speak, but Lucille silenced him. "After all," she continued, looking at Jack and Howell, "we have to be sure—quite sure—before we do anything we might regret. I would like to have the entire position checked . . ."

"While this chief shows us a

clean pair of heels?" Jack downed it angrily.

Lucille looked steadily at Ringer.

"Can I have your word for a moment that you will stay tonight and go into the position with us fully in the morning?" she asked Ringer.

"Be better to arrest him and let him bail himself out."

Lucille said abruptly, "Not to night. He promises not to leave, and I believe him. If he does, he can't get far without being found anyway, can he, sergeant?"

Riley didn't have to answer. Ringer said quickly, "I have nothing to escape, Lucille. If Sergeant Riley will go to the 'Dog and Tuckerton' and ask Regan for what I left there, I think everything will be all right." He turned to Granger and added, "Some papers—in Regan's safe."

"How do we know that?" Granger sneered.

"You can telephone, Granger," Ringer said. And it was after Regan had crinkled and sleepily confirmed something or other to Sergeant Riley on the telephone that the latter said he felt much easier about everything, and would suggest leaving Ringer alone until the investigation had been completed.

"It couldn't be more complete," Howell said quickly, but that didn't make any difference.

Riley left the station on his tired horse, Howell and Jack Granger went out together, and Lucille, without even looking at Ringer, swept past him to the door.

In the doorway she turned and asked, without looking at him, "What has Mr. Regan got in his safe at the pub?"

"Some of my property," was all

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that Ringer would say. He went to his room and smoked a pipe. How deep this went, or what it would uncover, he had no idea, but he thought he understood what was happening, and he thought it was pretty dirty.

He remembered the story that was all over town, and how it differed from the truth. He had been seduced, the story in town was that he was leaving of his own will, to start his own business, on his gambling wins. Now he could see how it would all fit into the latest development. He was an embezzler—his desire to leave was to escape the audit, and he was leaving, not on the strength of his good winnings alone, but backed up by the money he had stolen. In short, he had been in the act of running away when the new auditor arrived and caught him—"lucky for the Grangers," folk would say.

A nasty position, Ringer admitted, and looking for the cause of it he could see none, unless Jack Granger had carefully planned it that way. Had Jack inspired his sister to the dismissal? Had he already laid his plans to tell the story in town—to bring out Howell to expose the books—to find—

Ringer's thoughts jumbled him. There were no troubles in the books and accounts of the station. Where were these defilements found?

It was nearly two in the morning, but Ringer's mind would neither rest nor wait. Silently he opened his door, and by the pencil beam of a torch went out into the darkened house. It was quiet and lifeless as he made his way into the open. A horse whinnied in a paddock, and a cow mumbled on a

distant hill. The dark building of the men's quarters loomed black against the starlit sky.

Ringer had almost reached the office before he saw that there was a light burning.

Slowly, one foot at a time, Ringer crept towards the office. Only when he was close to the door could he hear the voices, and then he could not at first, hear all they said. But he could make out Howell's precise, close-clipped tones, and he knew that the other person there must be Jack Granger—if Lucille were there too why was everything so closely lodged, the light so carefully hidden?

He stood, his eye pressed, now, to the door. In the effort of straining to hear what was being said, he stopped hearing the creaks and the night noises out of doors.

Precisely Howell's voice said, "Bahl! You should have stood up to them and insisted on the arrest."

"And if he had squirmed out of it?" Jack asked.

"You should have trusted me for that—I had a whole afternoon and evening to fix the books."

"That's what I got him out of the way for," Granger said. "And a cost me money I couldn't afford to keep him in that game, blast it!"

"Well, it served its purpose," Howell said. "I get what I want—you don't have to take the blame—he takes that."

"And I'm not a penny better off," Jack Granger said. "Too—well, I'm pretty well ruined."

"You'll make money with a good season, Jack," Howell said calmly.

"And don't overspend, my boy, don't overspend. Remember your obligation—"

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Jack Granger was losing his temper again. "Damn you!" he shouted. "Him you, you've almost sucked me dry!"

Strangely unmoved, Howell answered coolly. "But your name's still good—still good for an overdraft, if I should get really hard up."

"What?" Granger shouted in surprise.

"If you prove over-troublesome," Howell said, and paused, "my price might—" he paused again, and listening, Granger could imagine the cold, insolent smile on the man's face—my price might—go—up," he said, very slowly.

"Oh, God, you're turning me now, Howell. Be reasonable," he said.

"I think I'm being very reasonable. After all, silence is a good commodity, for anybody who has it to sell."

"You'll drive me to suicide before you've finished," Jack Granger said. "Then you won't get any more out of me."

A few words were lost as the voices sank. Then Howell's careful, incisive voice said, "But, my dear Jack, I'm sure your wiser would think that her dead brother's name was worth something. You know the proud Grangers."

Ringer couldn't hold himself back. He slipped his key very quietly in the lock of the office door and while the two men were shooting at each other, quickly turned the Yale lock.

Then the door was open, and he was standing on the step. Granger, his face livid and sweat-streaked, his collar peeled open, looked a terrible picture of anxiety.

He was slumped in a chair, wailing in horror at the savage accountant who was feet astride, arms folded on his chest, looking down at him victoriously.

Howell unfolded his arms and a little blue-nosed gun came into view.

"I took the precaution of unholstering this," Howell said, "just in case. Every Scout has heard the good words—be prepared."

Ringer Jameson was not a coward, but he knew he was caught. He realised in a sudden flash that, under suspicion as he was of embezzlement, Howell would have every excuse for shooting him dead in a struggle—and pushing the little blue-nosed revolver into his hand to call it suicide.

"Prepared for what?" Ringer asked.

"For intrusion," Howell said. "You are a desperate man tonight, aren't you?"

"Yes," Ringer said, "I'm a desperate man." He looked away at Jack Granger and said, "He does not look very happy, either, Mr. Howell."

Granger brand his teeth in a snarl. "Go on," he said bitterly, "you've raised me between you, you with your damned card-sharping, Jameson, and you—" He bit off his words and Howell, whom the first lively emotion Ringer had seen on his face, half turned. "Go on," he said.

Granger saw what was going to happen, and yelled. Howell swung back again, too late. Ringer's two hands came down on Howell at once. The left hand knocked the revolver aside, the right hand, open, drove up into Howell's face. The

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head of the palm caught Howell under the chin, the fingers spread out all over his face and pushed. Howell's head snapped back, he lost his balance and toppled. As he did the revolver barked. The bullet clipped into the side of the office desk, the report sounded like a quack blast in the quietness of the night.

Ranger dived upon the fallen man and kicked the revolver from his hand. It skittered across the floor, and as it did so Granger dived for it—too late. Ranger caught him as he bent to pick it up, and lifting him off his feet threw him back against the wall.

A second later Ranger had the gun. Then he stood up.

"Granger," he said, holding the revolver steadily. "Here's the score. Howell knows enough about you to blackmail you. He's just about killed you dry, and if you shoot yourself he'll start on Lucille, right?"

Granger nodded.

"You don't hate me because I'm the better card player," Ranger continued. "You hate me because I spoiled your chance of winning extra money—money you wanted to keep on paying Howell with—right?"

Granger said, "That's why I hoped to win, Ranger."

"You started playing cards because you thought you could win enough to pay the blackmail without cutting into your income, didn't you? Because you were frightened that Lucille would want to know sooner or later whose poor money went?" Ranger paused. He was seeing things clearly.

"But you didn't win, did you?"

And you couldn't disguise the fact that you were being stripped, could you? So you imagined your gambling losses, didn't you, Granger? And told Lucille that I had won all you've paid to Howell, as well as what I actually have won? Right?"

Howell looked hideous, sitting on the floor, blinking at the gun. Granger was slumped back against the wall. "Yes," he said, "that's it."

"Then Howell pressed you for more than you had. You told him you had a plan. You'd use your lies about gambling losses to get me sicked—he would come in as a auditor and fake the books to get away with what he wanted, and you would saddle me with the embarrassment, right? Handy little story—we leaving suddenly, caught with my crime on the eve of departing to enjoy my ill-gotten gains. Quite dramatic, eh?"

Ranger's tone changed. "Get a bit of coal from behind the door and tie that rubbish up," he snapped at Granger. When Jack planned he moved the revolver a little and said, "Marry up."

"You do," Howell said, "and I'll blow the guff, so help me, Granger."

"Nobody's going to believe you," Ranger said. "I'll see to that."

Granger tied the blackmail according to instructions.

A noise behind made Ranger sidestep quickly, so that he could see the door without turning his back on Granger. Lucille stood there in a thin dressing gown. Her face was contorted with horror.

"Tell her," Ranger snapped.

"It's all right," Jack Granger said. "Come in."

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It sounded silly, the way he said it; but she came into that office where everything was so obviously not all right, and she said the sound of the shot had wakened her.

"Glad you came," Ringer said. "How's this for a story?" Then he told her.

As he spoke she kept glancing at her brother and Howell. Their faces alone confirmed fully the truth of all he said.

"Go to the safe," Ringer said, "and open it."

Larile went. She brought out the tin box that Ringer had put back there only that morning—so long ago now, it seemed.

He threw her the key and she opened it. She picked up a roll of notes and read the bullet of yellow paper stuck under the rubber band. She picked up a long slip of paper that lay, neatly folded, on top of the contents of the box, and read the line at the top of it—"Loans from Jack Granger."

Larile looked at him, a frown puckering her forehead.

"You have the list," he said levelly. "You will find that his card loans and his loans to me coincide—and the money in that box represents the loans."

"You mean—you mean you are giving him back his loans?" she echoed.

Ringer laughed. "I don't like to play cards," he said, "it causes so much ill-feeling. When I came here and saw how heavily Jack played, I thought it was only possible folly—I once asked him to stop playing, because he was ruining himself. He was very rude to me."

"You—asked him to stop?" she echoed. "He always said you en-

couraged him!"

The way he was placed, with this avuncle Howell standing over him, he had to say something. Ringer said, "Anyway, I didn't want his money—and he was losing it. I decided that the more I took off him for safe-keeping, the less he'd lose. So I did it."

"You mean you don't treat those games with me seriously?" Granger said in a colorless voice.

"Just a joke of mine," Ringer said. "I wish you'd slip across to the house, Jack, and phone Riley. Tell him to get my papers from Regan and come right out here to collect a drunk called Howell."

After Jack had gone they were silent for a moment. They moved towards each other. Presently Larile lifted her head from his shoulder and said, "Just what is this precious paper that Regan has, Ringer?"

"Only a bank statement in my real name—my identity card, you might say."

"Your identity card? Why, who see you?"

"Ever heard of the Shermans?" he asked.

"The millionaire squatter family?" she said. "Of course."

"Well, I'm a no-no-do-well Sherman, managing a scheme to prove, to an eccentric grandfather's satisfaction, that I can earn my own living," he said. "That's why I was not interested in the few quid your brother was blowing."

When Jack Granger came back she had her head on his shoulder again, and Ringer was holding her close. Howell, tied up on the door, couldn't stand the shamelessness of it. His eyes were closed.

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THE streets were running red in Paris—the Revolution was in full swing. In the Place de la Grève, the guillotine poured a tearing, busy finger to the sky and the heads of the aristocrats rolled into the waiting baskets. The few anarchists left waited fearfully for the word which foretold their doom, or they tried to discover a way of escaping to England.

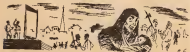
One family still lived in a small chateau near Versailles, hiding in a small apartment buried deep in a

rock and reached by a secret passage. This was the family of de Rochefort.

Plotting their escape, they employed the services of a peasant girl named Marie Bouquet and her baby. Marie would visit the city and make friends amongst the revolutionaries, joining them in a drink and leaving her baby in an outer room. Later she would leave her companions, gather up the baby and return to the chateau with all the information that was required.

This went on for several weeks and finally a friend came to the secret hide-out with a hushbun filled with straw and laces with peasant clothes. The family dressed in these clothes, climbed into the wagon, and eventually reached the coast of France and boarded a ship to England.

Marie Bouquet lived on safely in her village near Versailles, but missed the baby. There was no re-



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cord of any baby leaving with the De Rocheforts and the Revolutionaries would not kill the child.

But in the historical records of the De Rochefort family there is mentioned a faithful manservant named Pierre Buchebourg, a servant who had served the family so well that he had aided their escape to

England. For the baby which Marie had so carefully carried through the Revolutionary snarls was actually Pierre Buchebourg, a midget 23 inches high, who faithfully delivered the messages of his master and gained all the information he could whilst Marie Bossant entertained the enemies.



THIS is the story of a seventeenth century sailor who, in the short period of his life, shaped the things to come for centuries ahead, until his uncrowded hand colored the lives and destinies of thousands of Australians.

But this sturdy Englishman, William Adams, the navigator of the good ship "Porpoise," was not to know this when he left the shores of England in the year 1600, nor did he know he would never see his homeland again.

The ship was on a trip to the fabulous East, laden with goods for barter and a crew of sailors as seaworthy as their craft. Amongst these sailors was William Adams—a man with a conscience. His conscience was troubling him because he had committed adultery and his remorse was such that he felt he could not return to his wife and family in England.

When the ship reached Japan, Adams desisted. He waited until the "Porpoise" had sailed again for England, and then visited the court of Japan. He managed to gain favor in the eyes of the Shogun, although neither could understand

each other's language and before many weeks had passed, Adams was established as chief adviser to the Shogun of Japan.

Eventually he managed to forget his home and his family. He adopted Japanese dress and learned the Japanese language, and he even took a Japanese wife. So completely naturalized did he become that when a party of Englishmen arrived in Japan almost ten years later they failed to recognize the winning, kindhearted little man as one of their countrymen.

And so William Adams lived his life through, and, according to Japanese historians, it was a long one, long enough indeed for the Englishmen to color the lives of the Japanese people with an imagination and inventiveness which would never have come their way other wise. In his way he became more powerful in Japan than the Shogun himself. He had endless authority and power to enforce laws, to assemble armies and arrange wars, to tear up roads and erect buildings.

To this day some of the laws suggested by William Adams still exist in Japan, although Japan today is under the law of allied mili-



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tiny rule. But what many people do not realize is that the Japanese navy which came very close to invading Australia and over-running the Pacific was originated and formed by William Adams, an

Englishman with a conscience who freely gave his knowledge to a people who stood it jealously for over three hundred years, until they treacherously turned it in the direction from which it had come.



OF all the colorful rogues who have wandered their way across the face of Australia, perhaps there was no man so fabulous as Harry Redford, son of an ex-convict, who became an Australian legend in the closing 1870's.

Harry earned for himself the title of "King of the Cattle Duffin," for he was an expert at stealing other men's cattle and spurring them away to another State where they would be sold. He became a rich man and was quite convinced he would never be caught.

He was captured, however, after a particularly daring raid and he came to trial at Roma, Queensland, in 1873. When the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty," the presiding judge is reported to have exclaimed: "I thank God that this is your verdict, gentlemen, and not mine."



SHE was old even then, the little old woman who frequented Sydney's fruit markets of 78 years ago,

and not even the most seasoned veterans could remember when she had begun to bring her fragrant baskets of apples to sell. Regularly

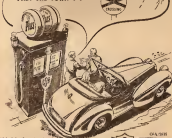
The story of Harry Redford, after his first repentance, is a cavalcade of crime and infamous achievement. Whenever his followers feared they might be punished for their deeds, he reminded them of the incident in Roma, how a jury of solid, respectable citizens had voted him "not guilty." He would boast: "I'll die in action, on the road, in the middle of a herd of stolen cattle."

But in March, 1904, Harry Redford spured his horse into the still waters of Corella Creek on his way to a job of rustling near Tennant Creek. He was 39, still a strong, active man, but the legend of his charmed life was floated by a single slip of his horse's hoof on the slippery bed of the creek. He was drowned in a few feet of muddy water, his foot caught in the fork of a sunken tree. A sad end indeed for a man who lived with such gay abandon.

THE 1942 EDITION OF
INDEX TO THE INDEX

"and Remember...

LOOK OUT FOR THE
LEVEL CROSSING
A COUPLE OF MILES
PAST THE TOWN . . .



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THE CRIMINALS OF THE OIL BUSINESS
EXPOSED

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Public Works, and for sale by)

NEED ALL ROAD SIGNS—
MAKE TRAFFIC WAYS SAFER FOR YOURSELF AND OTHERS



each day she would drive her shining little pig down George Street and into the crowded lane which connected it to the markets.

The fruit-buyers knew her well for this little old lady was no ordinary fruit-seller. She was an identity, a farmer who experimented in cross-breeding and the creation of new and more exciting fruit. She had received no university degrees, no diplomas for her efforts, but already the perceptive buyers were eager to purchase the wares of this little old lady who was so well versed in this highly specialised science.

She—by what secrets, and by what mysterious formulae—was a master for speculation—a had wrested from nature a prized and profitable secret: a romantic secret of success.

Seventy-eight years ago in Hyde, Sydney, there was a small farm which boasted an impressive orchard of apple trees and this farm belonged to the little 'fruit lady'. She admitted that one day she was not satisfied with the fruit the trees were bearing, so she borrowed an

old book of science of crossbreeding plants. She knew what she wanted—sweet, spicy-tasting apples with a new and interesting color.

Timidly at first she cut the tender green shoots from the trees and grafted them together. Then as the seasons advanced she watched for the budding and the flowering and then the fruit. She gathered the fruit and tasted it. It was still not what she wanted but it was a start. Next season she tried again, then again, until finally she piled her baskets high with the fruit of her creation.

When she died her trees continued to blossom and seed at her farm in Hyde and might have continued to be the only orchard of its kind in the world if some farsighted men had not decided to plant its seeds throughout the country and later overseas in other countries. And as this new apple became known and appreciated throughout the world, the fruit was affectionately named after the little Australian country—the lady known as Granny Smith, whose farm is now world-wide.

sympathetically and expressed the sincere conviction that the young man would be a success.

And so, in his own town of Cremona, Antonio Stradivari opened his shop. At first, of course, not many were willing to buy instruments from an unknown violin maker, but those who invested in a Stradivari realised that the violins held more tone and beauty than any they had played before.

Antonio Stradivari became a famous man, more famous even than his master, Nicolo Amati. Yet all the praise and fame did not affect Stradivari, who was content to remain at home and carve the beautiful, intricate instruments which came to be his whole life and interest. All the invitations and offers from cities throughout the world failed to move him from Cremona.

And in the year 1737 Antonio Stradivari died, leaving to the world a legacy of beauty in the aging maple of 2,000 violins—2,000 separate masterpieces into

which he had placed his genius, his heart, and the beauty of his soul.

Stradivari has been dead for over two hundred years but still the violins which were created by his fingers are making music throughout the world. They have grown even sweeter and more sought-after as the years have gone by and are eagerly searched for not only by musicians but also by connoisseurs of art throughout the world.

But the irony of it all is that although this immortal violin maker built his instruments in the cradle of music, he could never have heard their true beauty, for strange as it may seem, Stradivari had been dead for almost a century before the bow which drew the real beauty from his masterpieces was finally and fully perfected.

The Stradivari violin is now recognised as one of the supreme products of the art of the musical instrument maker—the man who, as no other man, discovered the incandescent resonance of wood.



WHEN young

Antonio Stradivari went to work in the violin shop owned by Nicolo Amati in the year 1684, the youth never realised that in shaping the beautiful instruments with his hands he was building a future for himself which would extend far and beyond his own life-time.

Amati, at that time, was recognised as a genius in the art of violin making, but he himself recognised a genius and precision in the hands of his pupil which surpassed even his own. When Antonio Stradivari announced that he had learned enough and was going to begin business for himself, the old man shook his pupil's hands warmly and



WHEN Mr. and Mrs. Davis

were blessed with a son, the boy was named Arthur, and, in the way of most parents, while the child was still in long clothes they mapped out his future. Mr. Davis did not care what the boy did so long as he followed an honest occupation, but Mrs. Davis was ambitious for her boy. She visualised him as

a clergyman, a spiritual leader of men. He was a bush boy and as he grew up and learned to read, he spent more time reading than in the usual occupations of small boys in the country. He particularly liked reading stories dealing with country life, stories about stockmen and shearers, sundowners and aquarists.

Even when he left the country for the city he still read about bush

life. Not only did he enjoy the stories he read, but he insisted on his friends enjoying them too. He read them aloud to his room mate and almost raised a friendship. He read them to his landlady, but instead of moving her to hysterical laughter as he had hoped, he reduced her to tears instead.

He was appalled—if his landlady were any judge, he was a failure, but this was something he wouldn't admit, even to himself. He gritted his teeth and tried again.

Then he stopped reading aloud to his friends and instead tried to write himself. In secret he sent his first story to a Brisbane newspaper and it was printed. He showed it to his mate-in-law and received his congratulations—not for his writing but for having had the sense to use another name.

This adverse criticism only spurred Arthur on to greater efforts. But his further attempts were returned from the periodicals to

which he sent them. Still he wasn't discouraged and although he took a job in a Government office, he continued with his writing.

At odd moments during the day he jotted down the beginnings of a series of stories which he hoped might be published one day.

Eventually he sent off the first story to a magazine and it was accepted. He wrote more as the series, they were published and became so popular that they were collected and printed in a book. The stories were disseminated. The play was successful all over Australia and New Zealand because the people in it were real.

Arthur's characters became national figures and when he died a few years ago the nation lamented. You wonder who Arthur Hay Davis was? He never used his own name for writing, but you've heard of his characters, read of them—Mum and Dad, down "On Our Selection," for Arthur Hay Davis wrote as Steel Budd.

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Talking Points

• **Cover Girl** The new Nael McGlashan study shows Cavalcade's Cover Girl Queen where it is a fresh and charming past. Since winning the quest Nael has been showered with letters from all over the world which, like most fan mail, include their quota of marriage offers. . . Nael is in big demand in Melbourne, these days, where rich work and commercial days are keeping her on the run. "Marriage isn't for me," she says.

• **Vera Bradley** wrote "Confessions of an Office Wife" after one of her neighbors had confided some gossip. "Most women seem to have a feeling of suspicion that their husbands got up to do good in the office, so I thought I'd spill what's in my mind," she said, "because I know." Vera, by the way, married her boss! "But," she explained, "he was single at the time."

• The picture story (pages 70 to 75) is a thing of tomorrow. For some time now we've been hearing about payments made of glass—now we show them in a wide range of possible designs for every use. No, glass payments don't scratch, aren't transparent, and won't pass for tyres.

• "Headaches that Speak of Death" is a lovely article. Aikley Dunn discovered all he could about headaches when they were, so to speak, thrust upon him. In the process of dealing with bed migraines he picked up enough useful and accurate information to help anybody who worries about that sort of thing. What he says about hangover headaches will

probably not be useful to CAVALCADE readers, except for helping their dejected friends.

• **CAVALCADE**, knowing that all that glitters is not gold, thought that it is glittered and wasn't gold at night as diamonds. Hopefully we sent Josephine Burns to find out. Only hope that, when you read the article and apply the test, you don't go back to the boyfriend for a refund on the engagement ring.

• Next month. We're rather proud of the picture story that shows you what makes bullet girls tick. . . and of the first-person story of the Australian girl who, only a couple of years ago, crossed the Arabian desert and saw things in their natural habitat. . . then Sheila Simons, who is pretty close to girls in the show business, has something to say about the prices they make about casting clothes. Her conclusion: "The Casting Couch is No Job."

• We, too, got fan-mail. It seems the long stories in the back of CAVALCADE were the right thing to do. But "more detective stories" seems to be the cry. This month's item is a good story of love and gambling, double-crossing and warring cat and mouse. "The Repentance of Delilah" is an unusual story with an unusual love angle right down to earth. Then we'll see about a spine-chiller, if you like. After all, we've had some of the toughest stories in the past; but all kinds of tastes are met in this magazine.

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108 CAVALCADE, July, 1947

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